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# LETTERS

## TO AND FROM

# MR. WILKES.

# LETTERS

BETWEEN

The DUKE of GRAFTON, the EARLS of HALIFAX, EGREMONT, CHATHAM, TEMPLE, and TALBOT, Baron BOTTETOURT, Right Hon. HENRY BILSON LEGGE, Right Hon. Sir JOHN CUST, Bart. Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL, Monſieur VOLTAIRE, the Abbé WINCKELMAN, &c. &c.

AND

# JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

With EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Fides, Libertas, Amicitia, præcipua humani animi bona ſunt.
TACITUS.

VOL. I.

M DCC LXIX.

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FROM THE

# PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

Monday, May 16, 1763.

The following Letters, &c. we can assure the public are genuine. The originals of the greater part are in the possession of the earls of EGREMONT and HALIFAX*. They are presented to the public, because they bear an immediate relation to the NORTH BRITON.

## LETTERS, &c.

MR. Secker presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he has been three times at his house to wait on him from lord Talbot. Mr. Secker would be obliged to Mr. Wilkes to let him know by a note directed to him at

*These two lords were then Secretaries of State, and, besides many other illegal acts, gave orders for the seizure of all Mr. Wilkes's papers, on a suspicion, not confirmed by oath, of his having written a pretended libel.

Mr.

2031824

Mr. Holford's, St. James's Palace, where and what time Mr. Secker could ſpeak to him this afternoon. If he does not hear from Mr. Wilkes, will wait on him by nine o'clock to-morrow morning at his houſe.

Sept. 10.
half an hour paſt two o'clock.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

MR. Wilkes's compliments to Mr. Secker, was not acquainted till this minute by his note that Mr. Secker had once called in Great George-Street, ſhall be at home from ſeven till eight this evening, and as Mr. Wilkes ſhall be alone, he ſuppoſes at this meeting Mr. Secker will bring no company.

Great George-Street.
Friday afternoon, five, Sept. 10.

Directed to Mr. Secker, at Mr. Holford's,
St. James's Palace.

MR. Secker's compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he will wait on him alone this evening between ſeven and eight.

St. James's.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq.

SIR,

AS I have received no anſwer to a letter I wrote to you on the 25th of Auguſt, and find by ſending to your houſe in town, that I can have no immediate opportunity of ſeeing you, I am forced again by letter to aſk if you avow or diſclaim being author of the paper entitled the North Briton, of the 21ſt of Auguſt.

TALBOT.

Bolton Street.
Sept. 10, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Great George-Street, Friday, Sept. 10.

MY LORD,

I Beg your lordſhip to do me the juſtice to believe that I have never yet received the letter to me at Wincheſter, which Mr. Secker tells me was ſent there a fortnight ago. I have juſt now the honour of your lordſhip's by that gentleman. Your lordſhip aſks, if I avow or diſclaim being author of the paper entitled the North Briton of the 21ſt of Auguſt. My anſwer is, that I muſt firſt inſiſt on knowing your lordſhip's right to catechiſe me about an anonymous paper. If your lordſhip is not ſatisfied with this, I ſhall ever be ready to give your lordſhip any other ſatisfaction becoming me as a gentleman.

I am, my lord,
Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,
humble ſervant,
JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

Wincheſter, Sept. 14, 1762.

MY LORD,

I Left Wincheſter, with lord * Effingham's leave, on the ſecond of Auguſt, and did not return to this city till the 12th of this month. My drum-major brought me your lordſhip's letter yeſterday. I now return it with the ſeal unbroke, as the cleareſt demonſtration that I never have read the contents of it. I ſuppoſe they are the ſame with the letter I had the honour of receiving and anſwering by Mr. Secker.

I am, my lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

* Commander in chief of the troops in and near Wincheſter.

SIR,

I Suppoſe you have by this time found the letter I wrote directed to you at Wincheſter, and that hath acquainted you why I addreſſed myſelf to Mr. Wilkes, to enquire if the North Briton of the 21th of Auguſt was written by him. I well know every gentleman who contributes to ſupport periodical papers by his pen, is not anſwerable for all the papers that appear under the title of that which he aſſiſts, but I cannot conceive that any man ſhould refuſe to aſſure a perſon who hath been the object of the writ of any paper, that he was not the author of a paper he did not write. Every man's ſenſe of honour ought to direct his conduct; if you prefer a perſonal engagement to the denying being the author of a paper that hath been ſo free with my name, I,

who

who am publickly affronted by that paper, cannot in honour avoid requiring the ſatisfaction you ſeem moſt deſirous to give. Be pleaſed to write or ſend to me as ſoon as you have determined what part you will act. I ſhall be in London Thurſday and Friday next, and this day ſe'ennight, after which I ſhall not be in London till Thurſday the 23d.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-Street,
Sept. 12. 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Wincheſter, Sept. 16, 1762.

My Lord,

I Had not till yeſterday the honour of your lordſhip's letter of the 12th, and embrace this earlieſt opportunity of acknowledging it. Your lordſhip has not yet, in my poor idea, aſcertained the right you claim of interrogating me about the paper of the 21ſt of Auguſt, and I will firſt know the very good authority on which I am thus queſtioned, before I will return any anſwer whatever.

Your lordſhip deſires me to write or ſend to you as ſoon as I have determined what part I ſhall act. I intended my firſt letter ſhould have made that ſufficiently clear.

I am, my lord,

Your lordſhip's very humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

SIR,

I Have this inſtant received your's of the 16th. It is your own declaration before men of truth and honor, that you occaſionally aſſiſted the paper called the North Briton with your pen, that is the foundation of my interrogating you about the North Briton of the 21ſt of Auguſt—and whatever may be your idea, mine is that when a gentleman owns himſelf an occaſional author of an anonymous ſatirical paper, any perſon by name ridiculed in ſuch an hebdomadal performance hath a right to aſk the occaſional avowed writer, if he was the author of the offending paper.

You may now, Sir, anſwer my queſtion or not, I have offered to put myſelf upon that footing with you that became a man who hath ſpirit, and is influenced

fluenced by honor—if you do not deny the paper, I muſt and will conclude you wrote it.

Your humble ſervant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-ſtreet,
Sept. 17, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Wincheſter, Sept. 21, 1762.

My Lord,

SUNDAY's poſt brought me your lordſhip's of the 17th, and by the return of it this waits on your lordſhip.

You are pleaſed to ſay that it is my own declaration before men of truth and honour, that I occaſionally aſſiſted the paper called the North Briton. I wiſh your lordſhip had been more explicit, and had mentioned the name of any one gentleman before whom I made that declaration. Was it made in public? or was it in private converſation? Still I have the misfortune of not yet ſeeing your lordſhip's right of putting the queſtion to me about the paper of the 21ſt of Auguſt, and till I do, I will never reſolve your lordſhip on that head, though I would any friend I have in the world,

world, who had the curioſity of aſking me, if it was in a civil manner.

Your lordſhip ſays, that if I do not deny the paper, you muſt and will conclude I wrote it. Your lordſhip has my free conſent to make any concluſions you think proper, whether they are well or ill grounded; and I feel the moſt perfect indifference about what they are, or the conſequences of them.

I intend at preſent to make a tour on Thurſday to the Iſle of Wight. I ſhall return to this city the beginning of the next week.

I am, my lord,
Your lordſhip's
Moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

Winchester, Sept. 30, 1762.

SIR,

LORD Talbot, by your message, has at last brought this most important question to the precise point, where my first answer to his lordship fixed it, if he preferred that. As you have only seen the two last letters, I must entreat you to cast your eye over those preceding, because I apprehend they will justify an observation or two I made this morning, when I had the honour of paying my compliments to you at camp.

Be assured that if I am between heaven and earth, I will be on Tuesday evening at Filbury's, the Red Lion at Bagshot, and on Wednesday morning I will play this duet with his lordship.

It is a real ſatisfaction to me, that his lordſhip is to be accompanied by a gentleman of Colonel Berkeley's worth and honour.

This will be delivered to you by my adjutant, who attends me to Bagſhot. I ſhall not bring any ſervant with me, from the fear of any of the parties being known. My piſtols only, or his lordſhip's, at his option, ſhall decide this point.

I beg the favour of you to return me the letters, as I mean to leave Wincheſter this evening. I have lord Bruce's* leave of abſence for ten days.

I am, with ſincere regard,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN WILKES.

* In the abſence of lord *Effingham* the command had devolved on lord Bruce.

I hope

I hope that we may make a *partie quarrée* for ſupper on Tueſday at Bagſhot.

Directed to Colonel Berkeley, new lord. Bottetourt.

SIR,

I Have read all the letters, and ſhall depend upon the pleaſure of ſupping with you at Tilbury's, the Red Lion at Bagſhot, Tueſday evening. My ſervant will attend me, as the going alone would give room for ſuſpicion, but you may depend upon his following your direction at Bagſhot, and that he ſhall not be ſeen where you would not have him— I am much obliged by your favourable opinion,

And am your humble ſervant,

N. BERKELEY.

Camp near Wincheſter, Sept. 30, 1762.

Incloſed is a copy of a letter received by Mr. Stanley this afternoon. (It related to the taking of the Havannah.)

Directed to Colonel Wilkes.

Red Lion at Bagſhot, Tueſday, 10 at night.

My Lord,

I Had the honour of tranſmitting to your lordſhip copies of ſeven letters, which paſſed between lord Talbot and me. As the affair is now over, I encloſe an original letter of colonel Berkeley, with a copy of mine previous to it, which fixed the particulars of our meeting, and therefore remained a ſecret, very ſacredly kept by the four perſons concerned.

I came here at three this afternoon, and about five I was told that lord Talbot and colonel Berkeley were in the houſe. Lord Talbot had been here at one, and was gone again, leaving a meſſage however that he would ſoon return. I had continued in the room where I was at my firſt coming, for fear of raiſing any ſuſpicion. I ſent a

compliment to colonel Berkeley, and that I wiſhed to ſee him. He was ſo obliging as to come to me directly. I told him that I ſuppoſed we were to ſup together with lord Talbot, whom I was ready to attend, as became a private gentleman, and that he and Mr. Harris, as our ſeconds, would ſettle the buſineſs of the next morning, according to my letter to him from Wincheſter, and his anſwer. Berkeley ſaid that his lordſhip deſired to finiſh the buſineſs immediately. I replied, that the appointment was to ſup together that evening, and to fight in the morning, that in conſequence of ſuch an arrangement, I had, like an idle man of pleaſure, put off ſome buſineſs of real importance, which I meant to ſettle before I went to bed. I added, that I was come from * Medmenham Abbey,

* Vide a note reſpecting Medmenham Abbey, at the end of this letter.

where

where the jovial monks of St. Francis had kept me up till four in the morning, that the world would therefore conclude I was drunk, and form no favourable opinion of his lordſhip from a duel at ſuch a time; that it more became us both to take a cool hour of the next morning, as early a one as was agreeable to lord Talbot. Berkeley ſaid, that he had undertaken to bring us together, and as we were now both at Bagſhot, he would leave us to ſettle our own buſineſs. He then aſked me, if I would go with him to lord Talbot. I ſaid I would any moment he pleaſed. We went directly with my adjutant, Mr. Harris.

I found lord Talbot in an agony of paſſion. He ſaid, that I had injured, that I had inſulted him, that he was not uſed to be injured, or inſulted: what

did I mean? Did I, or did I not, write the North Briton of Auguſt the 21ſt, which affronted his honour? He would know; he inſiſted on a direct anſwer: here were his piſtols. I replied, that he would ſoon uſe them, that I deſired to know by what right his lordſhip catechiſed me about a paper, which did not bear my name, that I ſhould never reſolve him that queſtion, till he made out the right of putting it, and that if I could have entertained any other idea, I was too well bred to have given his lordſhip and colonel Berkeley the trouble of coming to Bagſhot. I obſerved, that I was a private Engliſh gentleman, perfectly free and independent, which I held to be a character of the higheſt dignity, that I obeyed with pleaſure a gracious ſovereign, but would never ſubmit to the arbitrary dictates of a fellow ſubject, a lord ſteward of his houſehold,

hold, my ſuperior indeed in rank, fortune, and abilities, but my equal only in honour, courage, and liberty. Lord Talbot then aſked me, if I would fight him that evening. I ſaid, that I preferred the next morning, as it had been ſettled before, and gave my reaſons. His lordſhip replied, that he inſiſted on finiſhing the affair immediately. I told him, that I ſhould very ſoon be ready, that I did not mean to quit him, but would abſolutely firſt ſettle ſome important buſineſs relative to the education of an only daughter, whom I tenderly loved, that it would take up a very little time, and I would immediately after decide the affair in any way he choſe, for I had brought both ſword and piſtols. I rung the bell for pen, ink, and paper, deſiring his lordſhip to conceal his piſtols, that they might not be ſeen by the waiter. He ſoon after became

came half frantic, and made uſe of a thouſand indecent expreſſions, that I ſhould be hanged, damned, &c. I ſaid, that I was not to be frighted, nor in the leaſt affected, by ſuch violence, that God had given me a firmneſs and ſpirit, equal to his lordſhip's, or any man's, that cool courage ſhould always mark me, and that it would be ſeen how well bottomed I was.

After the waiter had brought pen, ink, and paper, I propoſed that the door of the room might be locked, and not opened till our buſineſs was decided. Lord Talbot on this propoſition became quite outrageous, declared that this was mere butchery, and that I was a wretch, who ſought his life. I reminded him, that I came there on a point of honour, to give his lordſhip ſatisfaction, that I mentioned the circumſtance of locking

the

the door only to prevent all poſſibility of interruption, and that I would in every circumſtance be governed, not by the turbulence of the moſt violent temper I had ever ſeen, but by the calm determinations of our two ſeconds, to whom I implicitly ſubmitted. Lord Talbot then aſked me, if I would deny the paper. I anſwered, that I neither would own, nor deny it; if I ſurvived, I would afterwards declare, not before. Soon after he grew a little cooler, and in a ſoothing tone of voice ſaid, I have never, I believe, offended Mr. Wilkes: why has he attacked me? he muſt be ſorry to ſee me unhappy. I aſked upon what grounds his lordſhip imputed the paper to me; that Mr. Wilkes would juſtify any paper to which he had put his name, and would equally aſſert the privilege of not giving any anſwer whatever about a paper to which he had not;

that

that this was my undoubted right, which I was ready to ſeal with my blood. He then ſaid he admired me exceedingly, really loved me, but I was an unaccountable animal—ſuch parts! but would I kill him, who had never offended me? &c. &c. &c.

We had after this a good deal of converſation about the Buckinghamſhire militia, and the day his lordſhip came to ſee us on Wycombe Heath, before I was colonel. He ſoon after flamed out again, and ſaid to me, you are a murderer, you want to kill me, but I am ſure that I ſhall kill you, I know I ſhall by God. If you will fight, if you kill me, I hope you will be hanged. I know you will. Berkeley and Harris were ſhocked. I aſked, if I was firſt to be killed, and afterwards hanged, that I knew his lordſhip fought me with the king's pardon

in

in his pocket, and I fought him with a halter about my neck, that I would fight him for all that, and if he fell, I ſhould not tarry here a moment for the tender mercies of ſuch a miniſtry, but would directly proceed to the next ſtage, where my valet de chambre waited for me, and from thence I would make the beſt of my way to France, for men of honour were ſure of protection in that kingdom. He ſeemed much affected by this. He then told me, that I was an unbeliever, and wiſhed to be killed. I could not help ſmiling at this, and obſerved that we did not meet at Bagſhot to ſettle articles of faith, but points of honour, that indeed I had no fear of dying, but I enjoyed life as much as any man in it, that I was as little ſubject to be gloomy, or even peeviſh, as any Engliſhman whatever, that I valued life, and the fair enjoyments of it ſo much,

I would

I would never quit it by my own conſent, except on a call of honour.

I then wrote a letter to your lordſhip, reſpecting the education of Miſs Wilkes, and gave you my poor thanks for the ſteady friendſhip, with which you have ſo many years honoured me. Colonel Berkeley took the care of the letter, and I have ſince deſired him to ſend it to Stowe, for the ſentiments of the heart at ſuch a moment are beyond all politicks, and indeed every thing elſe, but ſuch virtue as lord Temple's.

When I had ſealed my letter, I told Lord Talbot that I was entirely at his ſervice, and I again deſired that we might decide the affair in the room, becauſe there could not be a poſſibility of interruption; but he was quite inexorable. He then aſked me, how many times

times we ſhould fire. I ſaid that I left it to his choice; I had brought a flaſk of powder, and a bag of bullets. Our ſeconds then charged the piſtols, which my lord had brought. They were large horſe piſtols. It was agreed that we ſhould fire at the word of command, to be given by one of our ſeconds. They toſſed up, and it fell to my adjutant to give the word. We then left the inn, and walked to a garden at ſome diſtance from the houſe. It was near ſeven, and the moon ſhone very bright. We ſtood about eight yards diſtant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to continue facing each other. Harris gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to lord Talbot, and told him that now I avowed the paper. His lordſhip paid me the higheſt encomiums on my courage, and

ſaid

ſaid he would declare every where that I was the nobleſt fellow God had ever made. He then deſired, that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great good humour and much laugh. Lord Talbot afterwards went to Windſor, Berkeley and Harris to Wincheſter, and I continue here till to-morrow morning, waiting the return of my valet de chambre, to whom I have ſent a meſſenger. Berkeley told me, that he was grieved for lord Talbot's paſſion, and admired my courage and coolneſs beyond his fartheſt idea: that was his expreſſion.

I have a million of other particulars to relate, but I bluſh already at the length of this letter. Your lordſhip will ſoon ſee colonel Berkeley, and I hope in a very few days to pay my devoirs

devoirs at Stowe. I intend to be at Aylesbury quarter sessions by Thursday dinner.

My most respectful compliments always attend lady Temple.

I am ever, my dear lord,

Your lordship's very devoted,

and obedient humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Temple.

WE ſubjoin the following, which is ſaid to be an explanatory note of a paſſage in Mr. Churchill's Candidate, where he ſpeaks of *Medmenham Abbey*.

Whilſt Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,
At *Medmenham* lies, by *backward* Monks undone,
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouſe ſcore,
Whilſt *Paul the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to caſt it up;
Daſhwood ſhall pour, from a Communion Cup,
Libations to the Goddeſs without eyes,
And Hob or Nob in Cyder and Exciſe.

THE CANDIDATE.

Medmenham, or as it is pronounced Mednam, Abbey, is a very large houſe on the banks of the Thames near Marlow in Buckinghamſhire. It was formerly a convent of Ciſtertian Monks. The ſituation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, ſoft meadows, a cryſtal

cryſtal ſtream, and a grove of venerable old elms near the houſe, with the retiredneſs of the manſion itſelf, made it as ſweet a retreat, as the moſt poetical imagination could create. Sir Francis Daſhwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, *Paul* Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen to the number of twelve, rented the Abbey, and often retired there in the ſummer. Among other amuſements they had ſometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous rites of the foreign religious orders of the *church of Rome*, of the Franciſcans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir Francis Daſhwood. *Paul the aged* was ſecretary and ſteward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been at the Abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

No profane eye has dared to penetrate into the Engliſh Eleuſinian myſteries of the chapter room, where the monks aſſembled on all ſolemn occaſions, the more ſecret rites were performed, and *libations poured* forth in much pomp to the BONA DEA. I ſhall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have ſeen, and *ſit mihi fas audita loqui.*

Over the grand entrance was the famous inſcription on Rabelais' Abbey of THELEME, *Fay ce que vouldras*, and at the end of the paſſage, over the door, *Aude, hoſpes, contemnere opes.* At one end of the *refectory* was Harpocrates, the Egyptian God of ſilence, at the other the Goddeſs Angerona, which ſeemed to imply that the ſame duty was enjoined both ſexes.

The

The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring woods, all ſpoke the loves and frailties of the younger monks, who ſeemed at leaſt to have ſinned *naturally*. You ſaw in one place —*Ici pâma de joïe des mortels le plus heureux*—in another very imperfectly—*mourut un amant ſur le ſein de ſa dame*—in a third—*en cet endroit mille baiſers de flamme furent donnés, & mille autres rendus.* Againſt a fine old oak was

*Hic Satyrum Naïas victorem victa ſubegit.*

At the entrance of a cave was the Venus, ſtooping to pull a thorn out of her foot. The ſtatue turned from you, and juſt over the two nether hills of ſnow were theſe lines of Virgil,

*Hic locus eſt, partes ubi ſe via findit in ambas :*
*Hac iter Elyzium nobis : at læva malorum*
*Exercet pœnas, & ad impia Tartara mittit.*

On the inſide over a moſſy couch was the following exhortation,

*Ite, agite, o juvenes; pariter ſudate medullis*
*Omnibus inter vos; non murmura veſtra columbæ,*
*Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oſcula conchæ.*

The favourite doctrine of the Abbey is certainly not *penitence*; for in the center of the orchard was a very groteſque figure, *and in his hand a reed ſtood flaming, tipt with fire*, to uſe Milton's words, and you might trace out,

PENI TENTO

*non*

PENI TENTI.

On the pedeſtal was a whimſical repreſentation of Trophonius's cave, from whence all creatures were ſaid to come out

out melancholy. Among that ſtrange, diſmal group, you might however remark a cock crowing and a Carmelite laughing. The words—*gallum gallinaceum & ſacerdotem gratis*—were only legible *.

Near the Abbey was a ſmall, neat temple erected to Cloacine, with the inſcription, *This chapel of eaſe was founded in the year* 1760. Facing the entrance on the inſide,

*Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æquè,*
*Æquè neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.*

The following letter, printed in the St. James's Chronicle about the time of the publication of the *Candidate*, will enable the reader to give a ſhrewd

* Omne animal poſt coitum triſte eſt, præter gallum gallinaceum, et ſacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

gueſs at the GODDESS WITHOUT EYES, to whom Sir Francis Daſhwood not only *poured out libations* from a *communion cup*, but actually built a temple in his gardens at Weſt Wycombe.

SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a tour into Buckinghamſhire, which has afforded me much pleaſure. The noble proſpect from *Cliefden Houſe* enchanted me; and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of Stowe. As an Engliſhman, I was particularly pleaſed that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, King William the Third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive *there* that juſt tribute of praiſe, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to ſuperior virtue. At Stowe both antient and modern virtue are enſhrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taſte, but patriotiſm, are conſpicuous in that delightful paradiſe, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muſes. STOWE however has ſo often been deſcribed by abler pens, that I ſhall dwell

no

no longer there, though I never leave it without the moſt ſenſible regret.

I returned by Weſt Wycombe, and paſſed a day in viewing the villa of Sir Francis Daſhwood, now lord le Deſpenceer, and the church he has juſt built on the TOP of a very ſteep hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the BOTTOM of it. I muſt own, the noble lord's gardens gave me no ſtronger idea of his virtue or patriotiſm, than the ſituation of the new-built church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade, or vanity. I believe this is the firſt church, which has been built for a proſpect. The word *memento* in immenſe letters on the ſteeple ſurpriſed and perplexed me. I could not find the *mori*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept

of

of the noble lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his lordſhip has embarraſſed himſelf as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his Engliſh. *Memento meri* is beſides more monkiſh, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outſide muſt be *meri*, is farther ſtrengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the ſteeple, which is hollowed and made ſo very convenient on the inſide for the celebration, not of *devotional*, but of *convivial* rites, that it is the beſt Globe Tavern I was ever in. Yet I muſt own that I was afraid my deſcent from it would have been as precipitate, as his lordſhip's was from a * high ſtation, which TURNED HIS HEAD too. I admire likewiſe the ſilence and ſecrecy, which reign in that *great globe*,

* The chancellorſhip of the Exchequer.

undiſturbed

undiſturbed but by his jolly ſongs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to ſecrecy, it is the moſt convenient place imaginable; and it is whiſpered, that a not unimportant political negociation was here begun by the noble lord himſelf with Meſſrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will ſhew the amazing power of his lordſhip's oratory; but if from perverſeneſs neither of thoſe gentlemen have yielded to his wiſe reaſons, nor to his dazzling offers, they both did juſtice to what he calls his *divine milk punch.*

The church on the top of the hill is not the only temple here erected by the noble lord. There is another in the gardens at Weſt Wycombe, dedicated to ═, the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for the reverend Triſtram Shandy's TETRAGRAMMATON, the four favourite ****.

To

To this object his lordſhip's devotion is undoubtedly *ſincere*, though I believe now not *fervent*, nor do I take him at preſent to be often *proſtrate*, or indeed in any way very regular in his *ejaculations*. In this point his lordſhip is conſiſtent, for he keeps up the ſame public worſhip in the country, to which he has been accuſtomed in town. There was for many years in the great room at the King's Arms Tavern, in New Palace Yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Daſhwood, preſented by himſelf to the Dilettanti Club. He is in the habit of a Franciſcan, upon his knees before the Venus of Medicis, and his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modeſty of nature ſeems moſt deſirous to conceal. The *communion cup* in his hand, which is filled to the brim, tells us the object of his devotion, for it has the words MATRI SANCTORUM in capitals. The

*glory*

*glory* too, which till then had only encircled the ſacred heads of our Saviour and the Apoſtles, is made to beam on that favourite ſpot, and ſeems even to pierce the hallowed gloom of *Maidenhead thicket*. The public ſaw, and were for many years offended with ſo infamous a picture, yet it remained there, till that club left the houſe. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at firſt what is called an *error in limine*; for the entrance to it is contrived to ſhadow out to us the entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is made to repreſent what ſome idle wits have called *the door of life*. It is reported that on a late viſit to *his* chancellor, lord Bute particularly admired this building, and adviſed the noble owner to lay out the 500l. bequeathed to him by lord Melcombe's will *for an erection*, in a *Paphian* column, to ſtand

at

at the entrance, to be made of Scottiſh pebbles.

In theſe gardens no buſt even is to be found of Socrates, Epaminondas, Hampden, or Sydney, but there is a moſt indecent ſtatue of the *unnatural ſatyr*. At the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns ſacred, not to a *Lucretia* and a *Sempronia*, but to the *Epheſian matron*, and to *Potiphar's wife*, with the inſcriptions, *Matronæ Epheſiæ Cineres*, *Dominæ Potiphar Cineres*. Theſe urns, containing the *holy aſhes of the great and virtuous dead*, are, with a happy propriety, doubly gilt, though not quite ſo ſtrongly as that at Hammerſmith, ſuppoſed to hold the aſhes of the celebrated female, who died the wife of *George Bub Doddington*, eſq; afterwards lord *Melcombe*. This gaudy urn quite dazzled the eye, and

and was placed on a proud column by the poor, forlorn, diſconſolate huſband, undoubtedly *conjugialis amoris ſolamen ſimul & monumentum.* You aſcend between the urns of *Potiphar's wife* and the *Epheſian matron* to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular pillar, deſigned, I ſuppoſe, to repreſent our former very upright ſtate, when we could ſay *fuimus tories, fuit ingens gloria,* and it is ſkirted with very pretty underwood, the *Cyprian myrtle,* &c. the meaning of which I could not diſcover.

The houſe contains nothing remarkable, except on the grand ſtair-caſe a very moral painting of a maid ſtealing to her maſter's bed, laying at the ſame time her fingers on her lips.

On

On my return I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the noble lord's japanned coach; but while I was obſerving his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna Charta*, the mob grew riotous and were hallooing, LIBERTY, PROPERTY, AND NO EXCISE. I therefore choſe to make the beſt of my way to the park. I found there a very odd thing, which I intended to preſent to the ſociety of antiquaries. It is a gold ſleeve button, with IHS and the ſign of the croſs enamelled on it. I gueſſed that it belonged to ſome concealed brother of the ſociety of Jeſus, but a ſervant in * *green* claimed it as the property of his lord, and ſaid that it was a part of the *pontificalia* worn by his maſter, when he officiated on the great feſtival days of high laugh at certain myſteries. I there-

* The livery of lord Le Deſpencer.

fore gave it up to him, and retired to my inn, full of aſtoniſhment that any man ſhould take ſo much pains, and be at ſo great an expence, only to ſhew a public contempt of all decency, order, and virtue.

I am, &c.

Extract

Extract from the Trial of William Lord Byron, for the Murder of William Chaworth, Eſq. before the Houſe of Peers on the 16th of April 1765. Publiſhed by Order of the Houſe of Peers.

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EARL TALBOT aſks the witneſs,

" When you reproved Mr. Chaworth
" for having gone too far in what he
" had *ſaid* to lord Byron, by *ſaying*,
" I think he *ſaid* rather more than was
" neceſſary on ſo trifling an occaſion,
" did not you think the words he had
" *ſaid* were of force enough to a MAN
" OF STRICT HONOUR AND NICE SEN-
" SIBILITY, to require an explanation?"

From a Dublin Journal.

THE following letter is preſented to the public, becauſe it is a kind of *ſtate paper*, and gives authentic evidence of an infamous ſcene tranſacted by the Scottiſh miniſter in the year 1763. The *original*, from which this is printed *verbatim*, was among other papers careleſsly tumbled into a ſack in Great George Street, and was made a property of for ſome weeks by the earls of Egremont and Halifax. It is now in the editor's poſſeſſion. How he came by it, does not concern the public, but it concerns his character as an honeſt man to declare, that he did not *bribe any ſervant to ſteal it out of his maſter's houſe.*

Saturday morning, March 26, 1763.

DEAR WILKES,

AS I can't be ſure of ſeeing you in a day or two, I can't help writing a line to correct a miſtake which Buller tells me you are under, and which, if true, would give me great concern. He informs me that you lamented my having given ſome ſort of countenance to the terms of the NEW LOAN, which ſurpriſes me greatly in a matter where my attention and my practice was juſt the contrary, and I muſt have expreſſed my thoughts ſtrangely to be ſo miſunderſtood, if you were preſent at the times I ſpoke. I think I can recollect almoſt the words I uſed both days, and will repeat them to you. When Sir Francis brought in both the taxes, and the *loan*, (and that was before the exorbitant premium upon the tickets had

taken effect,) I ſaid that as to one of the taxes (the *wine*) I was certain it would bring in nothing, that is, cauſe no encreaſe upon the general revenue on *wine*, but on the contrary diminiſh it, and gave my reaſon. As to the bargain, I thought it a bad one; for that the *treaſury* themſelves in the diſpoſition they had made of the *navy bills and ordinance debentures*, ſuppoſed the *redeemable four per cents* to be at par, that the *premium* therefore upon this bargain would be whatever the rage for play (when the gameſters would think they were come for the laſt time to the table, and with a great deal of money in their pockets) ſhould induce them to give for *lottery tickets*. This might go, eſpecially upon two lotteries, to two, three, or more pounds *per* ticket, (though indeed I did not foreſee it would go higher) and then they would give four, five, or may be,

ſix

ſix per cent. *premium* for raiſing a four *per cent at par*, which was enormous. Upon the ſecond day I deſired what I had ſaid upon the former day might be recollected, and in anſwer to the excuſe Sir Francis made from the time at which the bargain was made, I ſaid it was very poſſible that while ſo material an alteration between the *preliminaries & definitive treaty*, as the *Eaſt India Article*, was depending, it might make the ſigning of the *definitive treaty* very doubtful, and conſequently affect the ſtocks. But to what purpoſe was the head of the board of *treaſury* of the cabinet council, and admitted to the knowledge of all foreign affairs, but to form his domeſtic conduct upon that knowledge, and therefore why was ſo improper a ſeaſon pitched upon to make the *loan?* This occaſioned Fox to declare that the treaſury knew the *definitive treaty* was

ſigned at the time of making the *loan*, and at the ſame time to declare his wonder at the folly of mankind to give four or five pounds for leave to toſs up for ten. In anſwer to this I replied, that if Treaſury knew of the *definitive treaty* being ſigned, they were inexcuſable not to have brought their *loan* to an open ſubſcription, which was the only ſure way to take a teſt of the temper and folly of the market, and might at ſuch a time and for ſo ſmall a ſum have been done with ſafety.—And you know Oſwald then gave reaſons to excuſe their not having reſorted to open *ſubſcriptions*. This is pretty near the manner in which the whole paſt. I write in a hurry, but ſhould be very ſorry this tranſaction lay wrong in your honour's mind, eſpecially as you might not be preſent at the whole both days. I hope you don't go abroad early in

next

next week, and will endeavour to get Dr. Hay and Dr. Butler to meet you here at dinner on Wednesday next, if you ſtay ſo long.

I am, dear Wilkes,

faithfully your's,

H. B. LEGGE.

IN the *Continuation of the Complete Hiſtory of England, by* TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D. is a character of Mr. Wilkes, and an account of the proceedings againſt him, in which the uſual accuracy of that hiſtorian is carefully preſerved. The following letters will perhaps ſhew the real, private ſentiments of the doctor even now, as well as before lord Bute undertook the Treaſury, his doughty champion and countryman, TOBIAS, became the BRITON, or Mr. Wilkes began to ſkirmiſh under the banners of the NORTH BRITON.

Chelſea, March 16, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

I AM again your petitioner in behalf of that great chum of literature, Samuel Johnſon. His black ſervant, whoſe name is Francis Barber, has been preſſed on board the Stag Frigate, capt. Angel, and our Lexicographer is in great diſtreſs. He ſays the boy is a ſickly lad of a delicate frame, and particularly ſubject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his majeſty's ſervice. You know * what matter of animoſity the ſaid Johnſon

* A pleaſantry of Mr. Wilkes on that ſtrange paſſage in Johnſon's *Grammar of the Engliſh Tongue*, prefixed to the *Dictionary*, "H ſeldom, "perhaps never, begins any but the firſt ſylla-"ble." It was printed, when the *Dictionary* firſt appeared, and contained a few ſcore inſtances to prove the falſity of *Johnſon's* remark. It began, "The author of this obſervation muſt be a "man of a quick *appre-henſion*, and of a moſt "*compre-henſive* genius, &c."

has

has againſt you, and I dare ſay you deſire no other opportunity of reſenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to deſire my aſſiſtance on this occaſion, though he and I were never cater-couſins; and I gave him to underſtand that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who perhaps by his intereſt with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliott might be able to procure the diſcharge of his lacquey. It would be ſuperfluous to ſay more on the ſubject, which I leave to your own conſideration, but I cannot let ſlip this opportunity of declaring that I am with the moſt inviolable eſteem and attachment,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged humble Servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

Chelſea, March 24, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

ECCE iterum Criſpinus—your generoſity with reſpect to Johnſon ſhall be the theme of our applauſe and thankſgiving. I ſhall be very proud to find myſelf comprehended in your league offenſive and defenſive, nay, I conſider myſelf already as a contracting party, and have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you that admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical Review of laſt May, and commenced a proſecution againſt the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we ſhall infallibly be expoſed to a conſiderable expence: and therefore I wiſh to ſee the proſecution quaſhed. Some gentlemen who are my friends, have undertaken to find out and talk with thoſe who are ſuppoſed to have in-

fluence

fluence with the ſaid admiral: may I beg the ſame favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and if the affair cannot be compromiſed, we intend to kick up a duſt and die hard. In a word, if that fooliſh admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet rather than provoke further the reſentment of

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged,

humble ſervant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

Chelſea, March 28, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

MY warmeſt regard, affection and attachment you have long ago ſecured. My ſecrecy you may depend upon—when I preſume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I ſhall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill theſe three months: but hope ſoon to be in a condition to pay my reſpects to Mr. Wilkes in perſon. Mean while I muſt beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be ſo good as to conſecrate at his leiſure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of ſpirits; and proceed through life with a flowing ſail of proſperity and reputation, is the wiſh, and the hope, and the confident expectation, of his much obliged, humble ſervant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

THE following letter Mr. Wilkes wrote to his daughter the day after his commitment to the Tower, and ſent it to the earl of Halifax to be forwarded to Paris. It was afterwards printed in the public papers.

Tower, Sunday, May 1, 1763.

My deareſt POLLY,

I have now full leiſure to pay my compliments to you, and entirely to relieve you from the anxiety your kind affection for me will neceſſarily give you at the hearing of my commitment to this place. Be aſſured that I have done nothing unworthy of a man of honour, who has the happineſs of being your father. You ſhall never in life bluſh for me.

I am only accuſed of writing the laſt North Briton, yet my ſword has been taken from me, all my papers have been

ſtolen

ſtolen by ruffians, and I have been forcibly brought here. I have not yet ſeen my accuſers, nor have I heard who they are. My friends are refuſed admittance to me. Lord Temple and my brother could not be allowed to ſee me yeſterday. As an Engliſhman, I muſt lament that my liberty is thus wickedly taken away, yet I am not unhappy, for my honour is clear, my health good, and my ſpirit unſhaken, I believe indeed, invincible. The moſt pleaſing thoughts I have are of you, the moſt agreeable news I can hear, will be the continuance of your health.

I beg you not to write a word of public buſineſs, or of my public ſituation—Can you get me made *Membre du Parlement de Paris*, for that of *Weſtminſter* is loſing all it's privileges?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Continue to love me, and believe me with the greateſt warmth of affection,

Your obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.

MY LORD,

THE king having judged it improper, that John Wilkes, eſq; ſhould any longer continue to be colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham, I am commanded to ſignify his majeſty's pleaſure to your lordſhip, that you do forthwith give the neceſſary orders for diſplacing Mr. Wilkes, as an officer in the militia for the ſaid county of Buckingham.

I am, with reſpect,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

EGREMONT.

Whitehall, May 4, 1763.

Directed to Earl Temple.

SIR,

AT my return laſt night from the Tower, I received the encloſed letter from the earl of Egremont. In conſequence of his Majeſty's commands therein ſignified, you will pleaſe to obſerve, that you no longer continue colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham.

I cannot at the ſame time help expreſſing the concern I feel in the loſs of an officer, by his deportment in command endeared to the whole corps.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

TEMPLE.

Pall-Mall, May 5, 1763.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

MY LORD,

I HAVE this moment the honour of your lordſhip's letter, ſignifying his Majeſty's commands, that I ſhould no longer continue colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham. I have only to return your lordſhip my warmeſt thanks for the ſpirit and zeal you have ſhewn in the ſupport of that conſtitutional meaſure from the very beginning. Your lordſhip will pleaſe to remember, that I was among the foremoſt who offered their ſervices to their country at that criſis. Buckinghamſhire is ſenſible, and has always acknowledged, that no man but your lordſhip could have given ſucceſs to that meaſure in our inland county. I am proud of the teſtimony * your lordſhip is pleaſed to give me, and happy,

* Mr. Wilkes ſucceeded Sir Francis Daſhwood, now Lord Le Deſpencer, as Colonel. When Sir Francis reſign'd, he wrote to the Officers of the Buckinghamſhire

happy, in these days of peace, to leave so excellent a corps in that perfect harmony, which has from the beginning subsisted.

I have the honour to be,

With unfeigned respect,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Tower, May 5, 1763.

Directed to the Earl Temple.

Buckinghamshire regiment, "If the succession goes "in the Regiment, (as I hope it will, and think it "ought) then I must add, my successor is a man "of spirit, good sense, parts, and civil deport- "ment, who has shewn resolution, and industry "in putting this salutary measure into exe- "cution."

The hour of Mr. Wilkes's return to his own houſe from the court of Common Pleas, he ſent the following letter to the ſecretaries of ſtate.

Great George Street, May 6, 1763.

MY LORDS,

ON my return here from Weſtminſter Hall, where I have been diſcharged from my commitment to the Tower under your lordſhips' warrant, I find that my houſe has been robbed, and am informed that the *ſtolen goods* * are in the poſſeſſion of one or both of your lordſhips. I therefore inſiſt that you do forthwith return them to

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

* A ſpecial jury of gentlemen were afterwards of opinion that the ſecretaries of ſtate were guilty of this *theft*. The action againſt the under-ſecretary Mr. *Wood* was tried in the Common Pleas, and a verdict was given for Mr. Wilkes, the plaintiff, with 1000*l.* damages, and coſts of ſuit.

Great George-Street, May 7, 1763.

SIR,

IN anſwer to your letter of yeſterday, in which you take upon you to make uſe of the *indecent* and *ſcurrrilous* expreſſions of your having found *your houſe had been robbed*, and that *the ſtolen goods are in our poſſeſſion:* we acquaint you that your papers were ſeized in conſequence of the heavy charge brought againſt you, for being the author of an infamous and ſeditious libel, tending to inflame the minds, and alienate the affections of the people from his majeſty, and excite them to traiterous inſurrections againſt the government; for which libel, notwithſtanding your diſcharge from your commitment to the Tower, his majeſty has ordered you to be proſecuted by his attorney-general.

We are at a loſs to gueſs what you mean by *ſtolen goods*; but ſuch of your papers as do not lead to a proof of your guilt, ſhall be reſtored to you; ſuch as are neceſſary for that purpoſe, it was our duty to deliver over to thoſe, whoſe office it is to collect the evidence, and manage the proſecution againſt you.

We are

Your humble ſervants,

EGREMONT.

DUNK. HALIFAX.

Directed to Mr. Wilkes.

Great George-Street, May 9, 1763.

MY LORDS,

LITTLE did I expect, when I was requiring from your lordſhips what an Engliſhman has a right to, his property taken from him, and ſaid to be in your lordſhips' poſſeſſion, that I ſhould have received in anſwer, from perſons in your high ſtation, the expreſſions of *indecent* and *ſcurrilous* applied to my legal demand. The reſpect I bear to his Majeſty, whoſe ſervants it ſeems you ſtill are, though you ſtand legally convicted of having in me violated, in the higheſt and moſt offenſive manner, the liberties of all the Commons of England, prevents my returning you an anſwer in the ſame Billingſgate language. If I conſidered you only in your private capacities, I ſhould treat you both according to your deſerts; but where is the wonder that men, who have attacked the ſacred

liberty

liberty of the ſubject, and have iſſued an illegal warrant to ſeize his property, ſhould proceed to ſuch libellous expreſſions? You ſay "that ſuch of my papers ſhall be reſtored to me, as do not lead to a proof of my guilt." I owe this to your apprehenſion of an action, not to your love of juſtice; and in that light, if I can believe your lordſhips' aſſurances, the whole will be returned to me. I fear neither your proſecution, nor your perſecution; and I will aſſert the ſecurity of my own houſe, the liberty of my perſon, and every right of the people, not ſo much for my own ſake, as for the ſake of every one of my Engliſh fellow ſubjects.

I am, my lords,

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the earls of Egremont and Halifax, his Majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Sept. 27, 1763.

## To the PRINTER of The ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

SIR,

I DESIRE you to communicate to the public the following letters, which you may be aſſured are genuine. I think you ſhould premiſe, that captain Forbes, by Mr. Murrray's own confeſſion, was concealed for ſome time at his houſe, which was the occaſion that Mr. Murray too was put under arreſt, by order of the marſhals of France, and was brought before marſhal Noailles, the ſenior marſhal, at the ſame time with Mr. Wilkes. Diligent ſearch was made for captain Forbes, but he had abſconded.

Mr. Wilkes was obliged before marſhal Noailles, to ſign a *Parole d'Honneur*,

*d'Honneur*, that he would not proceed to any *voye de fait*, *directe ou indirecte*, with captain Forbes, and Mr. Murray engaged in the ſame manner for captain Forbes, in conſequence of which the guards of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Murray were diſcharged.

Mr. Forbes has never ſince appeared at Paris. After the firſt letter encloſed, which was ſent Sept. 7, Mr. Wilkes went ſeveral times to Mr. Murray's houſe, ſometimes with Monſieur Goy, ſometimes alone, but could never be admitted. Mr. Murray only once called at the Hotel de Saxe, while Mr. Wilkes was abſent on a two days tour to Fontainebleau. Mr. Wilkes left Paris the 18th of September. The day before he called at Mr. Murray's houſe, and, not being admitted, left word that he ſhould ſet off for Flanders the next morning.

Mr.

Mr. Wilkes arrived at Menin the 21ſt in the morning, and went directly to the poſt houſe. He found no lettter there, either from captain Forbes or Mr. Murray. He continued at Menin all that day, and the next went again to the poſt-maſter, but with no better ſucceſs. He then left a direction where he was gone, and ſet off for Dunkirk.

I think, Sir, that you ought to do Mr. Forbes the juſtice to declare, that it is certain, in the whole of this affair, although he was guilty of much raſhneſs, yet he was not of any rudeneſs, nor even incivility of expreſſion.

To the Hon. Alexander Murray, Eſq;

SIR,

I HAVE waited with no ſmall impatience, and I believe you will agree with me, that before this *Captain Forbes* ought to have ſent to me. You know every thing which has paſſed between us, and the wild, extravagant wiſh he formed of fighting me, on no pretence, nor provocation.

I am no prize-fighter; yet I told him that I would indulge him, and as ſoon as I could. I mentioned to him the affair of lord Egremont, and the previous engagement I thought myſelf under. I deſired him to bring his ſecond the ſame day at noon, and our two friends ſhould ſettle between us all the particulars of time, place, &c.

I ſtated the circumſtances of the inſolence and inhumanity of lord Egremont, and my reſolution of calling his lordſhip

lordſhip to account; a reſolution not formed yeſterday, but what had ſtruck me the ſecond day of my impriſonment in the Tower, as becoming my dignity, and which, at that very time, I had mentioned to major Rainsford, the governor.

I had likewiſe then fixed the hour of his loſing the ſeals, as the period I ſhould call his lordſhip to that account; and I am ſure that I would have left Paris, or any other place, immediately on receiving news ſo intereſting to myſelf, ſo welcome to the nation.

Mr. Forbes undertook, on the ſame morning, Tueſday, the 16th of Auguſt, to return at noon, and to bring his ſecond. You know that he came, but brought no ſecond. Monſieur Goy, my ſecond, attended. If Mr. Forbes had kept his promiſe, the trouble I am now obliged to give you, would have been unneceſſary.

Lord

Lord Egremont to my great regret, greater I believe than that of any other perſon, has prevented my proceeding farther, and as a Frenchman would ſay, *il m'a joüé un vilain tour.*

I am now therefore moſt entirely at capt. Forbes's ſervice, and ſhall wait his commands. I do not know where he is, for he has not appeared at Paris ſince Tueſday the 16th of Auguſt. As your houſe has been his aſylum, I am neceſſitated to beg you, Sir, to acquaint capt. Forbes, that I will be at Menin, the firſt town in Auſtrian Flanders, on the confines of France, the 21ſt of this month, and that Mr. Goy will do me the honour of accompanying me; but he only. I ſhall direct my letters to be ſent there, and the moment of my arrival I ſhall go to the poſt-houſe.

No perſon, but monſieur Goy, is acquainted with any part of this tranſaction;

tion; he is ſo obliging as to take the charge of this letter.

Give me leave to acknowledge the perſonal civilities you have been pleaſed to confer on me at Paris, and to aſſure you that

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Sept. 7.

This is the genuine copy of the letter which was written this day, Sept. 7, to the hon. Alexander Murray, eſq; by John Wilkes, eſq; and delivered by myſelf into the hands of the ſervant of the aboveſaid Alexander Murray, eſq;

Paris, Sept. 7, 1763.

Monſieur Goy wrote the following letter to Mr. Murray, to which he returned no anſwer, and on the Saturday would not be at home.

SIR,

I DID myſelf ſeveral times the honour to wait upon you, but have not been ſo happy as to find you at home. I intend to ſet off on Sunday morning for Flanders, and ſhould be very proud to take my leave of you, therefore hope you will give orders for my being admitted to-morrow, any time the moſt agreeable to you.

I am, with reſpect, Sir, &c.

P. GOY.

Rue St. Anne, butte St. Roch,
vis-à-vis le Commiſſaire.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Sept. 29, 1763.

## To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I BEG leave by your paper to undeceive the public as to the letter printed in the *London Chronicle* of Sept. 18, and ſaid to have been written by capt. Forbes to his father. It contains ſo many falſehoods, that I am ſure it muſt be a forgery, and a groſs impoſition on the world, as well as an injury to that gentleman. The letter ſays, captain Forbes began *that he had heard Mr. Wilkes was a man of honour, and had hitherto treated him accordingly; and as he could now hardly believe it, he wanted abſolutely to put him to the proof*; whereas capt. Forbes only declared, *he had heard Mr. Wilkes was acknowledged to be a man of courage, and therefore he*

*inſiſted on his fighting him for writing againſt his country.*

I can aſſure you, that Mr. Wilkes never ſaid *that he was a man of courage, and that he had given proof enough of that in fighting lord Talbot, and that he would fight no man elſe till he fought lord Egremont.* Theſe three aſſertions are untrue. it is equally falſe that captain Forbes aſked Mr. Wilkes, *if he came to Paris to fight lord Egremont, that he was not to be made a fool of, that he had been now ſo often at Mr. Wilkes's lodgings he was reſolved he ſhould fight, otherwiſe the firſt time he ſhould meet with him, he would treat him as a villain and ſcoundrel deſerved.* All this is pure fiction, not one offenſive word ever eſcaped capt. Forbes; he ſeemed to be armed with only two or three ſhort ſentences: *You have abuſed Scotland—my country—I inſiſt on fighting.*

Mr.

Mr. Wilkes never declared *he was too uſeful a ſubject to riſk his life.* Mr. Forbes's anſwer is equally invention. Mr. Wilkes never ſaid, that *as ſuch things could not be done without witneſſes, to come back at twelve o'clock, and to have a friend.* Mr. Wilkes never talked of witneſſes, but deſired Mr. Forbes to bring a ſecond at twelve, who ſhould adjuſt every thing with Mr. Wilkes's friend. The letter ſays, *that Mr. Forbes returned at the hour appointed, and told his friend not to enter the Hotel, that Mr. Wilkes might not have to ſay there came two upon him*; whereas Mr. Forbes had promiſed to bring his ſecond, and Mr. Wilkes's was there. Mr. Wilkes returned a little after twelve to the *Hotel de Saxe.* He met at his own door two gentlemen, who were juſt come from England, and were delivering their cards to the Suiſſe. Mr. Wilkes aſked

them to walk in, where they found Monſ. Goy and Mr. Forbes. They had not been at the *Hotel de Saxe* a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Forbes abruptly got up, ſaying he had ſome urgent buſineſs with Mr. Wilkes. The gentlemen then of courſe directly retired. Monſieur Goy, Mr. Wilkes's ſecond, only remained in the room. Mr. Wilkes never declared *that he would not fight any one till he ſhould* lord Egremont; nor did capt. Forbes ſay, *if he had not the protection of his own houſe, he would uſe him like a ſcoundrel and raſcal as he deſerved.*

All the reſt which follows of what the ſecretary ſaid, (by which I ſuppoſe is meant monſieur Goy, no other perſon being preſent) and Mr. Forbes's declaration *that the firſt time he met* Mr. Wilkes *in the ſtreets, or elſewhere, he would give him a hundred ſtrokes of a ſtick,*

*as*

*as he deſerved no more to be uſed like a gentleman, but as an eternal raſcal and ſcoundrel*, &c. is abſolute fiction. Mr. Wilkes deſired to know where Mr. Forbes lived, who would not tell him, but deſired he might be ſent to at the coffee-houſe, oppoſite to the play-houſe. The laſt line of the letter finiſhes according to the rule in *Horace*, *ſervetur ad imum*, &c. *This happened the 17th and 18th of Auguſt*, whereas Mr. Wilkes never ſaw captain Forbes after the 16th, nor did he appear at Paris after that day.

I hope, Sir, that in juſtice to captain Forbes you will detect the impoſture, and the printers of the *London Chronicle* ought to aſk pardon of that gentleman for inſerting, as his, a letter ſo ſhamefully falſe in a variety of particulars.

Having now, Sir, detected ſome of the more important falſhoods contained in the pretended letter of captain Forbes

to his father, I ſhall proceed to give you the circumſtances of this intereſting affair, with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs and veracity.

On Monday morning, Auguſt 15, as Mr. Wilkes was walking with lord Palmerſton to Notre Dame, a gentleman in the ſtreet came up to him, and inquired if his name was Wilkes. The gentleman was anſwered in the affirmative; upon which he ſaid, Mr. Wilkes wrote the North Briton, and muſt fight him. Mr. Wilkes deſired to know what evidence the gentleman had for ſo round an aſſertion, that he had in a moment cut very ſhort a diſpute, which had been a good while agitating in England, and would not be ſoon over; that a ſquabble in the ſtreets was unbecoming a gentleman, and an indecent affront to the laws of the country; that he lived at the Hotel de Saxe, and wiſhed

him

him a good day. Mr. Forbes in the afternoon called at the Hotel de Saxe, and left on a card, C. John Forbes. The next morning he returned about ſix. He ſaid his name was Forbes, a captain in the French regiment of Ogilby, which had been broke, or, as it is there called, *reformed*. Mr. Wilkes regretted that he had not left on his card where he lived, to have prevented him that ſecond trouble of coming to the Hotel de Saxe, and deſired to know his commands. He ſaid that Mr. Wilkes muſt fight him, becauſe he had wrote againſt Scotland. Mr. Wilkes aſked what he had wrote, and wiſhed to ſee the papers objected to, or to know what they were. Mr. Forbes replied, you have wrote againſt my country: your name is Wilkes: do you not write? Mr. Wilkes ſaid, that he did now and then write receipts for tenants, and

ſometimes

ſometimes on poſt nights; but would give no account to Mr. Forbes, nor to any man. Mr. Forbes then aſked him, if he would fight him that day, Mr. Wilkes told him, that he would fight him upon his honour; but he believed he could not indulge him that day, for he had a previous account to ſettle with lord Egremont, and went into the circumſtances of that affair. Mr. Wilkes added, that it was very unfit captain Forbes and he ſhould talk over alone ſo critical a buſineſs: therefore deſired him to return the ſame day at noon, and to bring one gentleman for a ſecond along with him; and Mr. Wilkes's friend and ſecond would likewiſe attend. Mr. Wilkes declared he would leave every particular of time, place, &c. to their two friends, and would abide by their determination. Captain Forbes promiſed that he would bring his ſecond;

but

but came at twelve alone, and found monſieur Goy in Mr. Wilkes's apartments. Mr. Wilkes ſoon after returned, and at his door ſaw two Engliſh gentlemen, as mentioned before. As ſoon as Mr. Goy, captain Forbes, and Mr. Wilkes, were by themſelves, captain Forbes inſiſted on Mr. Wilkes's fighting him that day, and directly. Mr. Wilkes deſired him to explain the reaſons of ſuch a duel to monſieur Goy; that he knew nothing of any perſonal quarrel with captain Forbes, and reminded him of his promiſe in the morning to return with a ſecond. Mr. Forbes ſaid, that Mr. Wilkes knew enough; and that he would not explain himſelf farther. Mr. Wilkes replied, that he would not then enter farther into that affair, his friend being preſent, and no gentleman on the part of Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes then ſaid, that his friend

was near, and that he would fetch him. He accordingly went away, in a quarter of an hour returned again alone, and ſaid, he would bring no friend; but Mr. Wilkes ſhould ſoon hear from him. Mr. Wilkes aſked how he could know that the perſon he was converſing with was a gentleman, or was captain Forbes, having never ſeen him till the day before, and obſerved, that his coming in ſuch a manner, and refuſing to bring a ſecond, had more the air of an aſſaſſin, than of a gentleman. Mr. Forbes ſaid, that he was well known to the prince of Soubize, and then went away.

In the afternoon the marſhals of France ſent and put Mr. Wilkes under arreſt. Soon after he received a viſit from Mr. Macdonald, a Scottiſh gentleman in the French ſervice; who told him, that he came in the name of the Scots at Paris, to aſſure Mr. Wilkes,

that

that they entirely diſapproved of captain Forbes's behaviour; and that it was only to be looked upon as the raſhneſs of a young man of three and twenty. Mr. Mackey, who is likewiſe in the French ſervice, and has the croſs of St. Lewis, waited afterwards on Mr. Wilkes, and repeated the ſame aſſurances. Mr. Forbes never appeared at Paris after that afternoon, Tueſday, the 16th of Auguſt. Diligent ſearch was made, and it was diſcovered that he had been, for ſome time, concealed at Mr. Murray's. At laſt captain Forbes not appearing, Mr. Murray was taken into cuſtody, and was brought before marſhal Noailles, who is preſident of the tribunal of the marſhals of France, on Friday afternoon, the 19th, at the ſame time with Mr. Wilkes; and on their giving their paroles, both their guards were diſmiſſed. Wher. marſhal Noailles

aſked

aſked Mr. Wilkes, what was his quarrel with captain Forbes, Mr. Wilkes only ſaid, *Monſeigneur, je n'ai ni l'honneur ni l'envie de connoitre monſieur Forbes.* (My lord, I have neither the honour nor the wiſh to know Mr. Forbes.) Mr. Wilkes then, in the preſence of ſeveral French gentlemen, after marſhal Noailles was retired, begged Mr. Macdonald, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Forbes, to aſſure him, that as ſoon as the affair with lord Egremont was ſettled, if he was alive, he would indulge captain Forbes, ſhould he chooſe to fight him; and that it would be captain Forbes's own fault if he did not; for Mr. Wilkes would meet him for that purpoſe any where in Europe, Aſia, Africa, or America, except the dominions of France.

I am, &c.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 27, 1763.

## To the PRINTER.

SIR,

YOU may be assured, that the letter, first printed in the evening paper, called *The London Chronicle*, Tuesday, October 25, and said to have been written by captain Forbes to Mr. Wilkes, is a mere fiction, and that he has never received any letter from captain Forbes. Lord Sandwich can best explain the motives which induced him, as secretary of state, to cause captain Forbes to leave England. Mr. Wilkes was entirely ignorant of that whole transaction, and afterwards, on his return to London from Menin, declared very publickly, that through the whole important business, in which he was concerned, he would owe his protection to nothing, but the laws of his country,

and

and his own ſword. The account in *the London Chronicle* contradicts itſelf; for it is there ſaid, that capt. Forbes, *the day after* he wrote to Mr. Wilkes, received a letter from Mr. Murray, aſſuring him, on his honour, that he had never wrote to, nor received any letter from, Mr. Wilkes."—Whereas, in the very letter printed as Mr. Forbes's, he calls Mr. Wilkes's letter to Mr. Murray a pretended letter. The letter to Mr. Murray is placed beyond diſpute, becauſe it reſts on the teſtimony of a third perſon, a gentleman of honour, Monſieur Goy, who delivered it himſelf at Mr. Murray's houſe. It is remarkable too, that the ſubſequent letter of Monſieur Goy, which has a relation to Mr. Wilkes's letter, is not diſputed. The expedition uſed on this occaſion is wonderful. The letter ſaid to be Mr. Forbes's, mentions *The Public Adver-*

*tiſer*

*tiſer* of September 28, which was Wedneſday. The poſt did not ſet out for Paris till the Friday night, as uſual; yet Mr. Forbes, wherever he was, receives a letter from Mr. Murray relative to it on the Monday following, the 3d of October. *Why did not captain Forbes get ſome friend to deliver the letter to Mr. Wilkes, or to leave it at his houſe? No account is given when it was ſent, nor by what conveyance.* The other particulars mentioned in the letter have already been diſproved in your paper. A. B. in *The London Chronicle*, only tells us, that it fell accidently into his hands, yet he is ſure that it is genuine. On the contrary, by every external as well as internal evidence, I will maintain that it is ſpurious.

I am, &c.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Nov. 10, 1763.

## To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I DESIRE for the laſt time perhaps to intrude on you with reſpect to the ſtale ſtory of Mr. Wilkes and captain Forbes, again ſerved up in *The London Chronicle* of *Tueſday*, *November* 8, in a letter ſigned Peter Mackay.

It is firſt an abſurdity, that marſhal Noailles's ſecretary ſhould tell Mr. Murray, "*that there was nothing to ſay to him*;" for Mr. Murray was taken into cuſtody, and brought to the *Hotel de Noailles* for having concealed Mr. Forbes. It is further abſurdly ſaid,—"*when* Mr. Murray *was going away and already out of the apartments, upon ſecond thoughts he returned to wait on the* marſhal de Noailles *in particular*;"—— whereas Mr. Murray, according to this very account, was brought by an exempt before marſhal Noailles, who diſcharged him on his engaging for captain

captain Forbes—but not being the principal, Mr. Murray did not ſign. It is no where aſſerted that he did—but that he engaged his *Parole d' Honneur* for Mr. Forbes, (whom he had ſecreted before in his houſe) in the ſame manner Mr. Wilkes did for himſelf. Mr. Murray could not otherwiſe have obtained his diſcharge.

It is ſufficient to obſerve, that any man acquainted with the proceſs of this kind of buſineſs in France, muſt immediately diſcover the abſurdity of almoſt the whole account; and the two exempts, as well as monſieur Goy, can contradict many of the particulars ſaid to have paſſed at Mr. Murray's houſe. Mr. Mackay cannot but remember, that he came afterwards to Mr. Wilkes, and excuſed the conduct of his countryman. Monſieur Goy, and the exempt, who attended Mr. Wilkes, were there at the ſame time.

I am, &c.

Great George Street, Wedneſday, Nov. 16.

SIR,

YOU complained yeſterday before * five hundred gentlemen that you had been *ſtabbed in the dark* by the North Briton, but I have reaſon to believe that you was not ſo much *in the dark*, as you affected and choſe to be. Was the complaint made before ſo many gentlemen on purpoſe that they might interpoſe? To cut off every pretence of your ignorance as to the author, I whiſper in your ear, that every paſſage of the North Briton, in which you have been named, or even alluded to, was written by

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Samuel Martin, eſq;

* In a very full Houſe of Commons. Mr. Wilkes, in his ſpeech that day took no notice of what Mr. Martin had ſaid, no name having been mentioned, nor application made. The houſe did not riſe till four in the morning. At nine Mr. Wilkes ſent this letter.

Abingdon Street, Nov. 16, 1763.

SIR,

AS I ſaid in the Houſe of Commons yeſterday, that the writer of the North Briton, who had ſtabbed me in the dark, was a cowardly, as well as a malignant and infamous, ſcoundrel; and your letter of this morning's date, acknowledges, that every paſſage of the North Briton, in which I have been named, or even alluded to, was written by yourſelf, I muſt take the liberty to repeat, that you are a malignant and infamous ſcoundrel, and that I deſire to give you an opportunity of ſhewing me whether the epithet of cowardly was rightly applied or not.

I deſire that you may meet me in Hyde Park immediately, with a brace of piſtols each to determine our difference.

I ſhall go to the Ring in Hyde Park, with my piſtols ſo concealed that nobody may ſee them; and I will wait in expectation of you one hour. As I ſhall call in my way at your houſe to deliver this letter, I propoſe to go from thence directly to the Ring in Hyde Park, from whence we may proceed, if it be neceſſary, to any more private place; and I mention that I ſhall wait an hour in order to give you full time to meet me.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

SAM. MARTIN.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

Mr. Wilkes *arrived at Paris, Dec.* 28, 1763. *On the* 30*th he received the following note from* Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin preſents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, and deſires to know how he does; flattering himſelf, from Mr. Wilkes's performance of ſo long a journey at this ſeaſon of the year, that his health is perfectly re-eſtabliſhed.

Mr. Martin cannot help taking this opportunity to aſſure Mr. Wilkes, that he had deſired Mr. Bradſhaw to deliver up Mr. Wilkes's note, written to Mr. Martin on the 16th Nov. as it occurred to the latter that any imaginable uſe might be made of it to Mr. Wilkes's prejudice, and before Mr. Martin had

heard from Mr. Bradſhaw that it was actually given up.*

Mr. Martin returns his thanks to Mr. W. for his attention to Mr. M's ſafety, by giving the early notice he did to Mr.

* This paſſage is not intelligible. The following quotation from the *Hiſtory of the late Minority, third edition*, 1766, will perhaps throw ſome light upon it. It contains likewiſe a ſhort account of the duel.

" When the gentlemen met in Hyde Park, they walked " together for a little while to avoid ſome company, which " ſeemed coming up to them. They brought each a pair of " piſtols. When they were alone, the firſt fire was from " Mr. M's piſtol. Mr. M's piſtol miſſed Mr. W. and the " piſtol in Mr. W's hand flaſhed in the pan. The gentle- " men then each took one of Mr. W's pair of piſtols: Mr. " W. miſſed, and the ball of Mr. M's piſtol lodged in Mr. " W's belly. Mr. W. bled immediately very much. Mr. " M. then came up, and deſired to give him all the aſſiſtance " in his power. Mr. Wilkes replied, that Mr. M. had " behaved like a man of honour, that he was killed, and " inſiſted on Mr. M's making his immediate eſcape, and no " creature ſhould know from Mr. W. how the affair hap- " pened. Upon this they parted, but Mr. M. came up " again in two or three minutes to Mr. W. offering him a " ſecond time his aſſiſtance, but Mr. W. again inſiſted on " his going off. Mr. M. expreſſed his concern for Mr. W. " ſaid the thing was too well known by ſeveral people, who " came up almoſt directly, and then went away. Mr. W. " was carried home, but would not tell any circumſtance of " the caſe till he found it ſo much known. He only ſaid to " the ſurgeon, &c. that it was an affair of honour.

" The

Bradſhaw, of his apprehending himſelf to be in danger.

It is impoſſible for Mr. M. to think of taking part in any affair of Mr. W's that he may find depending in the Houſe of Commons at his arrival in England.

" *The day following* Mr. W. imagining himſelf in the " greateſt danger, returned Mr. M. his letter, that no evi- " dence might appear againſt him; and inſiſted upon it with " his relations, that in caſe of his death no trouble ſhould " be given Mr. M. for he had behaved as a man of honour.

" Mr. M. not at the ſame time returning M. W's letter, " occaſioned ſomebody to remark, that in all probability it " was kept in order to be made uſe of as a proof of Mr. W. " being concerned in the North Briton. I own, ſaid the " remarker, that I cannot account for this behaviour of Mr. " M. no more than I can for his *tamely bearing above eight* " *months* the abuſe upon him. Has he been *all this time*, " *Sundays not excepted, practiſing at a target?* That report " is confirmed by all his neighbours in the country. Yet, " after all, he did not venture to ſend to Mr. W. but before " five hundred gentlemen, ready to interpoſe, and ſeemed to " intend to begin a quarrel, I ſuppoſe that it might end " there. Mr. W. choſe coolly to take it up the next morn- " ing, by a private letter to Mr. M. who inſiſted on piſtols, " without naming the ſword, though the choice of weapons " was, by the laws of honour, in Mr. W." page 236, &c.

Mr. Wilkes's letter was returned to him by Mr. Graves in in the name of Mr. Martin *near a month after, on Dec.* 10, 1763.

He

He propoſes to ſet out from hence on his return home on Monday next, but believes he ſhall not ſet foot in London till thoſe affairs are determined, to avoid even a colour for ſuſpicion that he is capable of appearing againſt Mr. W. after what hath ſo recently happened.

Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

Hotel de Saxe, Dec. 30, Friday.

Mr. Wilkes's compliments to Mr. Martin, and is much obliged by the favour of his note. Mr. W. is going to pay his reſpects to lord Hertford ‡, and if Mr. Martin is diſengaged, will afterwards wait upon him for a quarter of an hour, at the Hotel de Luynes.

Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

Mr. Martin's compliments; and will wait at home to receive the viſit with which Mr. Wilkes intends to favour him.

‡ Lord Hertford was at that time the Engliſh ambaſſador at Paris.

*Votes of the Houſe of Commons*, Veneris, 16 Die Decembris, 1763.

*Ordered*,

That doctor Hebberden, the phyſician, and Mr. Cæſar Hawkins, one of his majeſty's ſerjeant-ſurgeons, be deſired to attend John Wilkes, eſq; from time to time, at proper intervals, to obſerve the progreſs of his cure; and that they, together with doctor Brockleſby and Mr. Graves, do attend this houſe, to report their opinion thereupon on the 19th day of *January* next, in caſe the ſaid John Wilkes, eſquire, be not then able to attend in his place.

Cecil Street, Dec. 17.

DEAR SIR,

AN order of the Houſe of Commons is come to Mr. Hawkins and me to attend Mr. Wilkes from time to time, in order to obſerve the progreſs of the cure, and to make a report to the houſe, together with you and Mr. Graves. You will oblige us by acquainting Mr. Wilkes with this; and if you will let us know at what time you intend to ſee Mr. Wilkes on Monday, we will be ready to meet you there. Mr. Hawkins deſires that the appointment may be for ſome hour after twelve.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

W. HEBBERDEN.

Directed to Dr. Brockleſby.

Norfolk Street, Sunday morning, Dec. 18, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

LATE laſt night I received the incloſed letter from my moſt ingenuous and worthy friend, Dr. Hebberden, and alſo the incloſed copy of an order of the Houſe of Commons, to report upon your caſe on the 19th of January; I am therefore to entreat you, to fix the hour for our attendance at your houſe on Monday, and I will take care to appoint Dr. Hebberden and Mr. Hawkins.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

hnmble Servant,

RICHARD BROCKLESBY.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſq;

Great George Street, Monday, Dec. 19, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the favour of your letter, and of the papers encloſed. I think you are rather deficient in politeneſs, that you do not congratulate your friend on the *new* and *ſingular* honour done him by the *Houſe of Commons*, in appointing a PHYSICIAN and SURGEON to attend me. I ought to take this the more kindly at their hands, becauſe to pay me this compliment, they have, I believe, exceeded their legal powers. The *lords*, rather unwittingly, ſet them ſuch an example, by ordering the *phyſician* and *ſurgeon* of a member of the other houſe to their bar, to be examined concerning his ſtate of health. I had before received other unmerited obligations from their LORDSHIPS, and the old friendſhip of lord Sandwich, though I own

own I was rather put to the bluſh by THEIR PUBLISHING to the world what they pretended was found, perhaps put, among the things ſtolen from me. If a man makes a private *eſſay on woman*, ſhould all the world ſee it? Is a treatiſe againſt the ſpleen, or the *tædium vitæ*, ſo dangerous as now to become a ſtate-crime for the cognizance of our preſent cruel rulers, or rather inquiſitors? Has the naſty, gummy, blubbering, overgrown boy of a lord, barbarous and bluſtering as the NORTH *, has he likewiſe received his orders to denounce to the *Commons* a laughable poem as a horrid crime to make all good chriſtians ſhudder? Are the moſt wretched and impious lines to be forged, that a work, which idolizes the whole ſex, may be brought into judgment before the *crafty*

* Lord North, eldeſt ſon of the earl of Guildford.

Scot,

‡ Scot, who never loved any woman.

This laſt act of the *Majority* ſeems almoſt to perfect the ſcene, and really quite overwhelms me with gratitude. Yet though I am a young member, I cannot but obſerve and lament, that the antient, eſtabliſhed forms of Parliament have in the preſent caſe been laid aſide, as if order had taken leave of the *Houſe* with good old ONSLOW. The courſe of buſineſs has always been, that affairs of importance ſhould previouſly go to a *Committee*, to have a full and fair diſcuſſion, and afterwards the Houſe receives and duly weighs the report of the *Committee*. The affair you have mentioned is of ſo much real conſequence, that it ſhould, in my poor opinion, have been referred to the *two* uſual *Committees*. *Firſt*, it

‡ Lord Mansfield.

ſhould have gone to the *Committee of Ways and Means*, to contrive how the *ſtate Phyſician and Surgeon* can get into my houſe. *Secondly*, to the *Committee of Supply*, to vote the fees due to the gentlemen for their attendance; but I have public *æconomy* ſo much at heart, tho' I make no parade of it, that I will ſave the nation this expence, for I will not ſuffer either of them to enter my doors.

The *Majority* of the *Commons*, like true country people, ſeem to have a troubleſome overflowing of kindneſs for me, which you know is very apt to ſurfeit. Yet, like the others ſometimes, in the ſame moment they fail in a point of neceſſary good breeding, even to one of their own members. The *Houſe* deſires Dr. *Hebberden* and Mr. *Hawkins* to come to me, but forget to deſire me to receive them, and I moſt certainly will not.

Surely,

Surely, my dear Sir, this matter has been too lightly determined upon by the *honourable Houſe*. It is pretty well known that I have already a *Phyſician* and *Surgeon*, whoſe characters the foul breath of ſlander never reached, and whom I confide in and love. Why ſhould I admit any others? Am I to conſent to an unjuſt ſlur upon gentlemen, with whom I have all the reaſon in the world to be ſatisfied? Shall I concur in ſuffering party madneſs to fix a vile ſuſpicion, where I know that it ought not to reſt? I will never countenance ſo ſhameful a proceeding. Honour, juſtice, gratitude, private friendſhip, equally forbid it.

The *Majority* of my brother members ſeem quite wild in their love. They would force a *Phyſician* and *Surgeon* upon me, when I have one of each already, and they forget that my dear friend and chaplain, Churchill, has left

me for ſome time. Would it not therefore have looked better, if theſe obliging friends had ſhewn ſome regard to my ſpiritual concerns, and had ordered their own chaplain, the very *learned* brother of the very * *conſcientious* merchant, and of the very *acute* ſpeaker, to attend me; or they might perhaps have prevailed on good Mr. Kidgell. He is ſo ready to every laudable (and lucrative) work, he would not I believe have heſitated. You might in time have had *Obſervations on my converſion and apoſtleſhip*, though I hope not in a way to make you doubt of the whole; at leaſt you would have been ſure of a SERIES OF LETTERS in the LEDGER, the profits to be divided between the ſaid Kidgell and his partner Mac-Faden, according to Kidgell's for-

* Vide an *affidavit* printed in vol. 3d of a "Select "Collection of the moſt Intereſting Letters," page 28.

mer

mer plan. I think the *Lords* too ought to have conſidered this important point of *chaplainſhip*, and lord *Sandwich*, or lord *Le Deſpencer*, or ſome other *pious* lord, ſhould have moved to ſend me a *Divine Legation of the Biſhop of Glouceſter*. I have been ſaid to have doubts. I really have none. If I had, that *orthodox* biſhop would ſurely be able to remove them; only I ſhould fear that for every *one* of mine he carried away, he would leave *ten* of his own behind with me. I might likewiſe be treated with one of his quaint perſuaſives to *continence*, the only doctrine to which his practice has been fully adequate. It could never come more *à propos*, nor with greater probability of ſucceſs, for that cold, frozen virtue of *chaſtity*, the virtue of age not of youth, ſeems likely to be as much my portion the reſt of this year, as it has been that pedant's every

year of his life. * His virtue is *fixed as in a froſt*, beyond all the powers of genial ſpring, or a charming, luſcious wife: mine I truſt will *thaw, melt, and reſolve itſelf to ſprightly dew*, long before the firſt breath of zephyr.

After all, my dear Doctor, I might I believe admit the *ſtate Phyſician* and *Surgeon* without any danger of a *Ruſſian hæmorrhoidal cholic*, but I will not do any thing *on compulſion, Hal.* I do not ſuſpect either of them in the leaſt to reſemble a *Talbot*, a *Martin*, a *Forbes*, or a *Dun.* On the contrary, they are both amiable men, and therefore I wiſh you would bring them here to dinner as ſoon as I get a little better, for at preſent if they came, I ſhould fear they would place

* Aſk of the *Learn'd* the way? The *Learn'd* are blind:
That way a *Warburton* could never find.

*Eſſay on Woman, Ep.* 4. *l.* 19.

themſelves

themſelves *by authority*, one on the right, and the other on the left hand, of their poor patient, and, like *Sancho's Doctor* with his wand, forbid my taſting any thing I ogled, or rather *ſquinted* at.

I am alone. If you are diſengaged, I wiſh you to come here at four, and I will give you half my boiled chicken. We never can want food for laughter, while, in the phraſe of the *ſly* § *Fox*, *George Grenville* has the CONDUCT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I am ever,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate, humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Doctor Brockleſby.

§ Fox, Lord Holland.

## Two Cards to Dr. HEBBERDEN, and Mr. HAWKINS.

MR. Wilkes preſents his compliments to Dr. Hebberden, and is *duly* ſenſible of the kind care and concern of the Houſe of Commons, not only for his health, but for his *ſpeedy recovery*. He is attended by Dr. Brockleſby, of whoſe integrity and ability he has had the experience of many years, and on whoſe ſkill he has the moſt perfect reliance. Mr. Wilkes cannot but be of opinion, that there is a peculiar propriety in the choice he at firſt made of Dr. Brockleſby for the cure of what is called a *gun-ſhot* wound, from the circumſtance of the Doctor's having been ſeveral years Phyſician to the army, but at the ſame time entertains a real eſteem for Dr. Hebberden's great merit, and though he cannot ſay, he wiſhes to ſee the Doctor at preſent, he hopes that in a few weeks he ſhall be well enough to beg that honour, to eat a bit of mutton in

Great-George Street.

Monday, Dec. 19.

MR. Wilkes preſents his compliments to Mr. Hawkins. He ſome time ago, from motives of *humanity*, readily conſented, at the requeſt of Mr. Martin, to receive the viſits of Dr. Hebberden and Mr. Hawkins. He is now acquainted, that the honour Mr. Hawkins intends him of a viſit to-day is not at the deſire of Mr. Martin, and therefore he begs that it may be deferred, till he is more capable of enjoying company. He has every reaſon to continue perfectly ſatisfied with the conduct of Mr. Graves, a military ſurgeon of eminence, who extracted the ball. He hopes in a few weeks to be ſo well recovered, as to be able to receive Mr. Hawkins in Great George Street, and ſhall be impatient for an opportunity of ſhewing the juſt regard he will ever pay to ſo diſtinguiſhed a character.

Monday, Dec. 19.

## The following extracts explain the affair of Alexander Dun.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Dec 10, 1763.

ON Tueſday night laſt, ſoon after the verdict was given for Mr. Wilkes, a man knocked at his door, deſiring to ſpeak with him on particular buſineſs; it appearing, by his dialect, he was a Scotchman, and being an entire ſtranger, he was refuſed admittance; on which he went away to a coffee-houſe near Parliament-Street, where he was overheard by a perſon then preſent, to declare, that himſelf, and ten more men, were determined to cut Mr. Wilkes off, let the event be what it would; the gentleman gave information of the above declaration next morning,

morning, by letter, to Mr. Wilkes, deſiring him to be on his guard; the affair then reſted till Thurſday morning, when the ſame perſon, as is ſuppoſed, brought a letter to Mr. Wilkes's houſe, ſigned Alexander Dun, the purport of which was to beg an interview with him on an affair of the moſt intereſting nature, when he was deſired to call again at one o'clock, which he did accordingly, and ſeven o'clock was then the hour appointed; in the interim, Mr. Wilkes had got ſeveral of his friends, gentlemen of diſtinction, about him. At the above hour the man came, and was uſhered into the parlour, where he waited a ſhort time, and was informed that Mr. Wilkes was then alone, and he ſhould be introduced to his preſence; but, on going out at the parlour door, two gentlemen, who had placed themſelves

ſelves behind it, ſeized him by each arm, and flung him on his back. On ſearching him a new penknife was found in his pocket, which he pretended he had purchaſed about nine months ago: on being farther queſtioned, he ſaid ſix months, and at laſt owned he bought it at Chatham about a fortnight ſince. Previous to the time appointed by Mr. Wilkes for his interview, proper affidavits, containing an accurate detail of the whole tranſaction, were prepared, and a warrant procured from the hon. Mr. juſtice Wilmot for apprehending him, which was immediately executed; and we are informed that authenticated evidence of the whole proceedings was yeſterday laid before a very auguſt aſſembly, who have ordered the tipſtaff to bring the ſaid Mr. Dun to be examined before that honourable houſe this day.

Mr.

Mr. Wilkes, on the firſt intimation of Dun's deſign, treated the affair with levity, and intended taking no notice of it; but the worthy † ſon of a moſt worthy commoner, who ſome time ſince retired from public buſineſs, happening to be preſent, he, with ſome other of Mr. Wilkes's friends, inſiſted that an enquiry ſhould be made into it, when matters turned out as above related.

† George Onſlow, eſq; Member for Surry.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Dec. 13, 1763.

Copy of a letter to John Wilkes, esq. in Great George Street, Westminster.

London, Dec. 7, 1763.

SIR,

I Should not do my duty, if I did not acquaint you that the young Scotch officer, that wanted entrance at your house, is a villain, and his intentions are of the blackest dye. I have been in his company for near four hours. That part of our conversation that relates to you, consisted chiefly of his intentions of massacring you the first opportunity, and that there was thirteen more gentlemen of Scotland of the same resolution, and confederates of his, who was resolved to do it, or die in the attempt. Last night, when your trial was over, the gentlemen at the coffee house quitted the room

room that I was in (on account of the ſhouts in the hall) and left the Scotch hero and I together, but I abruptly left the room, and went after the people to Great George ſtreet, and on hearing a noiſe at your door, I went up, and, to my great ſurprize, ſaw the Scotchman a trying for entrance; I knocked and had admittance, which enraged the hero ſo much, that he ſwore revenge againſt the ſervant, and was very troubleſome; when I went out, I heard a gentleman taking him to taſk upon his vowing revenge on you or your ſervant, upon which I told the gentleman a ſmall part of what I knew, and he put him in the hands of two watchmen, and ordered him to the Round-houſe, but at the corner of Great George ſtreet, I am told he was reſcued, and ran away. There was converſation paſſed between him and the company that is not ſafe to communicate

by

by letter: his principles and zeal make it unsafe for such an abandoned wretch to be at large. Your own discretion, I hope, will guide you to prevent any thing that may be intended. I am, with all respect, Sir, your's,

M. DARLY.

Cranborn-Alley, Leicester-Fields.

## Copy of the Letter from Alexander Dun to John Wilkes, eſq.

London, Dec. 8, 1763.

SIR,

AS I have ſomething of conſequence to communicate to you, I ſhould be glad to know what time would be moſt convenient for me to call upon you this day. I called once before, and was refuſed admittance. Be ſo good as ſend me an anſwer by my ſervant, who will wait for it. Lieutenant Orchat of dragoons, who is now in Scotland, deſires his compliments to you for the many civilities ſhewn him when he was quartered near your country ſeat; you may be aſſured that many of the Scotch have ſtill a regard for you, and none of them more ſo than your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

ALEX. DUN.

Direct to me at Mr. Whytes's, perukemaker, Lieutenant of Marines.

Journals of the Houſe of Commons, vol. 29, p. 721.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Jan. 11, 1764.

SIR,

I Cannot expreſs the concern I am under from the impoſſibility I now find of attending my duty in parliament on the 19th of this month. I have ſuffered very much from the tour I made here in the holydays to ſee my daughter. My wound is again become extremely painful, the parts are very much inflamed, and a fever attends it. I encloſe a certificate of one of the king's phyſicians, and of a ſurgeon of the army, gentlemen of eminence in their profeſſion, who think it abſolutely neceſſary for me to ſtay ſome time longer at Paris. I refer to the certificate itſelf for the particulars.

The

The impatience I feel to juſtify myſelf to the Houſe from the groundleſs and cruel attacks made upon me, and the zeal I hope ever to retain for the vindication of the ſacred rights of the Commons of Great Britain, and the privileges of parliament, both of which have been groſsly violated in my perſon, had determined me to ſet out for England on Friday next, but I now find myſelf incapable of performing the journey.

I am therefore, Sir, under the neceſſity of intreating you to ſubmit my caſe to the Houſe, and I doubt not from their juſtice that a more diſtant day will be appointed, when it may be in my power to attend the diſcuſſion of points, ſo very important in themſelves, and in which I am ſo very materially concerned.

I would not, Sir, implore this of the Houſe, if I thought the delay could be attended with any poſſible inconvenience to the public; and I beg to obſerve that I ſeized the firſt moment, which the reſolutions of parliament gave me to enter my appearance to the informations, which have been filed againſt me in the King's Bench.

I am, with *due* reſpect and eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the right honourable Sir John Cuſt.

*Journals*, p. 722.

*The Certificate incloſed.*

NOUS, ſouſſignés, médecin conſultant du Roi, ci-devant médecin en chef de ſes armées en Allemagne & en Eſpagne; & nous, chirurgien conſultant des armées, & chirurgien-major du régiment des gardes Françoiſes, certifions que Mr. Jean Wilkes eſt dans un état qui ne lui permet point, tant par rapport à ſa bleſſure, qui n'eſt pas entiérement cicatriſée, que par rapport à la fiévre qui lui eſt ſurvenue, d'entreprendre la route de Paris à Londres; qu'il ſeroit à craindre, vû l'inflammation & le bourſouflement conſidérable arrivés depuis peu de jours, qu'il ne ſe formât une hernie, à laquelle il ne ſeroit point poſſible de remédier; que, pour prévenir cet accident dont il eſt me-

nacé, & que le mouvement violent, tel que celui d'une chaiſe de poſte, & l'agitation de la mer, ne manqueroient pas de déterminer, il eſt abſolument indiſpenſable qu'il reſte encore quelque temps à Paris. En foi de quoi nous lui avons délivré le préſent certificat.

A Paris, ce 11 Janvier, 1764.

NINNIN.

DUFOUART.

London, Jan. 17th, 1764.

SIR,

I received, by the poſt, this day, the favour of your letter, dated from the Hotel de Saxe at Paris the 11th inſtant, together with a certificate of a phyſician and ſurgeon, both which I ſhall, according to your deſire, communicate to the Houſe of Commons on Thurſday next, to which day the Houſe yeſterday adjourned.

I am very ſorry, Sir, for the account which you give of your health; and am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant,

JOHN CUST.

Directed to John Wilkes, eſquire.

The following letter is not inſerted in the *Journals*.

Paris, Feb. 5, 1764.

SIR,

I took the liberty of tranſmitting to you on the 11th of laſt month the original of a certificate, which was entirely the hand writing of Mr. Ninnin, one of the king's phyſicians, and ſigned by that gentleman, as well as by Mr. Dufouart, a ſurgeon of the army. It was not imagined here that any thing more was neceſſary among gentlemen. If the Houſe, or any ſingle member, had deſired a notarial act of the authenticity of the certificate, I ſhould ſooner have troubled you with the encloſed, which is atteſted by our ambaſſador at this court. It now becomes my honour to requeſt that it may be laid before the Houſe.

I do not mean, Sir, to miſpend my time in making any remarks on the late proceedings,

proceedings. They are ſo obvious, that they will immediately occur to every man, who is not loſt to the principles of virtue, and dead to the feelings of honour and humanity. I am not able at preſent to ſay much, but this I will add, that I am ſure my countrymen of the preſent age, and the faithful hiſtorian's page, will do juſtice to the uprightneſs of my intentions, to my ardent love of the conſtitution of our happy iſland, and to the honeſt efforts I have made in the cauſe of liberty. I rejoice that I have been the inſtrument in the hand of Providence to obtain very important legal deciſions in favour of my fellow ſubjects.

I am, with *becoming* regard,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the right honourable Sir John Cuſt.

A Certificate, omitted in the *Journals*.

PARDEVANT les conſeillers du Roi, notaires au Châtelet de Paris; ſouſſignés, furent préſents M. Henri Ninnin, médecin conſultant du roi, & ci-devant médecin en chef de ſes armées en Allemagne & en Eſpagne, & ſieur Paul Dufouart, chirurgien conſultant des armées du Roi, & chirurgien-major du régiment des gardes Françoiſes, tous deux de nous notaires ſouſſignés, bien connus, demeurant enclos de l'Abbaye Saint-Germain-des-Prés, paroiſſe Saint-Simphorien.

Leſquels, en confirmant le certificat ſous ſignature privée, qu'ils déclarent avoir donné le 11 Janvier dernier, & qui a été envoyé à Londres, ont, par ces préſentes, de nouveau certifié et atteſté à tous qu'il appartiendra, que le dit jour, 11 Janvier dernier, & pendant le reſte du même

même mois, Mr. Jean Wilkes étoit dans un état qui ne lui permettoit pas, tant par rapport à ſa bleſſure, qui n'étoit pas entiérement cicatriſée, que par rapport à la fiévre qui lui étoit ſurvenue, d'entreprendre la route de Paris à Londres ; qu'il auroit été à craindre, vû l'inflammation & bourſouflement conſidérable arrivés alors à ſa plaie, qu'il ne ſe formât une hernie, à laquelle il n'auroit pas été poſſible de remédier ; que, pour prévenir cet accident dont il étoit menacé, & que le mouvement violent, tel que celui d'une chaiſe de poſte, & l'agitation de la mer, n'auroient pas manqué de déterminer, il étoit abſolument indiſpenſable qu'il reſtât encore quelque temps à Paris ; ce qus les dits ſieurs comparans ont affirmé & atteſté, pour avoir viſité & panſé le dit ſieur Wilkes pendant ſa maladie, & ont requis actes aux

notaires

notaires ſouſſignés, pour ſervir & valoir ce que de raiſon.

Fait & paſſé à Paris, en l'Etude, l'an mil ſept cent ſoixante-quatre, le 3 Février, & ont ſigné

(Scellé les dits jour & an.)

NINNIN. DUFOUART.
ROBINEAU.
DE LA RUE.

* This day, the 5th of February 1764, there appeared before me M. de

* It has been one of the diſgraces of a late Adminiſtration, that ſcarcely a ſingle ſentence of any public act was good *Engliſh*. The reaſon perhaps is, that no *Engliſh* were employed in the real buſineſs? Lord *Hertford* ſigns a paper of only *two* ſentences in our language, drawn up by his Scottiſh Secretary, *David Hume*, and yet we find *three* palpable blunders in it. THERE *appeared*. Where? It is not mentioned in the act of the Engliſh Ambaſſador *where* Monſieur de la Rue *appeared*. *Where* did Lord Hertford ſee Monſieur de la Rue? Was it at Paris, Verſailles, Fontainebleau, or Compiegne? It is not ſtated in this paper. The French gentlemen are accurate. Their Act is declared to be done *at Paris* on the third of February. We have no hint where Lord Hertford was on the fifth. From any information this paper affords us, he might be returned to *London*, and might have ſigned it as a *Juſtice of the Peace*. Lord Hertford is not named as *Ambaſſador*, nor his capacity of atteſting a public act ſtated.

*There appeared Monſieur de la Rue* is a ſtrange and harſh conſtruction, not very uſual. The verb takes the place of it's own nominative. It ſhould rather be, *Monſieur de la Rue appeared before me*, &c. We ſhould know firſt who the perſon is, before the quality of *appearing*, or indeed any other, is given to him. Such is the general *concord* of our grammar; but that Adminiſtration were as little ſolicitous to preſerve *concord* among *verbs* and *nouns*, as among *provinces* and *kingdoms*. They made a libel on the late French Miniſter, *Monſieur D'Eon*, I charitably hope more from ignorance than malice. When that gentleman's *public character* ceaſed, they declared he had *no character*. The *London Gazette* told the world, *His Majeſty has been pleaſed to declare that Monſieur D'Eon has no longer* ANY CHARACTER *here, and has forbid him the Court.*

Lord

la Rue, and made oath that he was a notary publick, that he had ſigned the above paper, that M. Robineau was alſo a notary publick, and had ſigned the ſame. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto * affixed my hand and ſeal.

HERTFORD. (L. S.)

* Lord Hertford ſays, that he has *affixed his hand and ſeal.* How does a man *affix his hand?* I may *ſet my hand and ſeal,* or I may *affix my ſeal*; but how can I *affix my hand?*

A Letter to the Earl of *Bute*, ſuppoſed to have been written by Mr. Wilkes. It was prefixed to the new edition of

# THE FALL OF * MORTIMER.

## A TRAGEDY.

*Forbad* my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing;
A Prince, an Earl, and Couſin to the King.

BEN JOHNSON.

* The hiſtory of *Mortimer* is told at length in *No.* 5. of the *North Briton*, which was publiſhed July 3, 1762. It has for its motto,

Dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota urbi et populo, contingat *principis* aures,
Dedecus *ille* domus ſciat ultimus. JUVENAL.

*No.* 45. had indeed wonderful luck; but the elder brother, *No.* 5. deſerved ſtill more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune.

TO THE

# Right Honourable JOHN STUART, *Earl of* BUTE,

Chancellor of the Univerſity of ABERDEEN in SCOTLAND, firſt Commiſſioner of the TREASURY in ENGLAND, one of the ſixteen Repreſentatives of the Peers of SCOTLAND, one of his MAJESTY's moſt honourable PRIVY COUNCIL, and KNIGHT of the moſt noble ENGLISH Order of the GARTER.

MY LORD,

MANY and various motives have concurred to give a peculiar propriety to the fond wiſh I had formed of making this humble offering at the ſhrine of Bute. I have felt an honeſt indignation at all the invidious, unjuſt and odious applications of the ſtory of Roger Mortimer. I abſolutely diſclaim the moſt diſtant alluſion, and I purpoſely dedicate *this*

*Play*

*Play* to your Lordſhip, becauſe hiſtory does not furniſh a more ſtriking contraſt, than there is between the two miniſters, in the reigns of *Edward the Third*, and of *George the Third*. I ſhall trace this through a variety of the moſt intereſting particulars, ſecure of the ſatisfaction your Lordſhip will find by accompanying me in ſo pleaſing a purſuit.

*Edward the Third* was held in the moſt abſolute ſlavery by his mother and her miniſter. The firſt nobles of *England* were excluded from the king's councils, and the minion diſpoſed of all places of profit and truſt. The king's uncles did not retain the ſhadow of power and authority. They were treated with inſult, and the whole royal family became not only depreſſed, but forced to depend upon the caprice of an inſolent *favourite*. The young king had been victorious over the *Scots*, then a fierce, ſavage, and perfi-

dious people, in *that* reign our cruel enemies, happily in *this* our deareſt friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the diſtractions in the public councils of this kingdom during a minority, or by the abſence of the national troops, they had ravaged *England* with fire and ſword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, ſo glorious and deciſive was the ſucceſs of his arms, but Roger Mortimer, from perſonal motives of power and ambition, haſtily concluded an ignominous peace, by which he ſacrificed the triumphs of a proſperous war, and the juſteſt claims of conqueſt.

It is with the higheſt rapture, my Lord, I now look back to that diſgraceful æra, becauſe I feel the ſtriking contraſt it makes with the halcyon days of *George the Third.* This excellent prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his nobles have free acceſs to him. The throne is not

now

now beſieged. Court-favour not confined to one partial ſtream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the moſt perfect union among all the branches of the royal family. No court minion now finds it neceſſary, for the preſervation of his own omnipotence, by the vileſt inſinuations to divide either the royal, or any noble families. The king's uncle is now treated with that marked diſtinction which his ſingular merit is entitled to, both from the nation, and the throne, eſtabliſhed by his valour in extinguiſhing a foul rebellion, which burſt upon us from its *native North*, and almoſt overſpread the land. Our ſovereign is conſcious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any prince in Europe owes to any ſubject; and he ſets a noble example of gratitude to princes, *que les rois, ces illuſtres ingrats, ſont aſſez malheureux pour ne connoitre pas* †. No

† *Voltaire.*

*favourite* now has trampled upon the moſt reſpectable of the Engliſh nobility, and driven them from their ſovereign's councils. No diſcord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue bleſſes the miniſter who has ſo many ways endeared himſelf no leſs to the nobility than to the whole body of the people.

*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.*

To compleat the contraſt, we have now an *advantageous*, a *glorious* peace, fully adequate to all the *ſucceſſes*, to all the *glories* of the war.

The preſent internal policy of this kingdom, my Lord, is equally to be admired. Our gracious ſovereign maturely examines all matters of national importance, and no unfair or partial repreſentation of any buſineſs, or of any of his ſubjects, is ſuffered to be made to him, nor can any character be aſſaſſinated in the dark by an unconſtitutional *Prime Miniſter.*

*Miniſter.* He regularly, by your advice, attends every private council of real moment, and nothing is there ſubmitted to the arbitrary deciſion of *one man.* This happy ſtate of things we owe to your lordſhip's *unexampled care* of his Majeſty's youth. The important promiſe you made us, that we ſhould frequently ſee our ſovereign, like his great predeceſſor, William the Third, preſiding in perſon at the Britiſh treaſury, has been fulfilled, to the advantage and glory of theſe times, and to the perfecting of that ſcheme of *œconomy* ſo earneſtly recommended from the throne, and ſo *ably* carried into execution by *yourſelf* and YOUR *chancellor of the exchequer*†, as well as ſo *minutely* by the lord

† "Sir Francis Daſhwood, now Lord Le Deſpenſer, who from puzzling all his life at tavern bills, was called by lord Bute to adminiſter the finances of a kingdom above an hundred millions in debt, and ſtiled by him, in the royal manner, *my Chancellor.*"

ſteward of the houſhold †. *Your* whole council of ſtate too is compoſed of men of the firſt abilities; the duke of Bedford; the earls of Halifax, Egremont, and Gower; the lords Henley, Mansfield, and Ligonier; Mr. George Grenville, and Mr. Fox. The buſineſs of this great empire is not however truſted to them: the moſt arduous and complicate parts are not only digeſted and prepared, but finally reviſed and ſettled, by Gilbert Elliot, Alexander * Wedderburn, eſqrs.

† "Earl Talbot, who thought a civil liſt of 800,000 l. a year inſufficient to keep up the hoſpitality of a private nobleman's kitchen, in the king of England's palace."

* Mr. Churchill has drawn his picture to the life.

To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights, which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face, &c.

Sir

Sir Henry Erſkine, baronet, and the *Home* †.

Another reaſon why I chuſe your Lordſhip for the ſubject of this dedication, is, that you are ſaid, by *former dedicators*, to cultivate with ſucceſs the polite arts. How ſparing and penurious is this praiſe? Such literary *œconomy* is really odious. They ought to have gone further, and to have ſhewn how liberally you are pleaſed to reward all men of genius. Malloch * and the Home have been

† "The Rev. John Home, Eſq; firſt a preacher among the Scottiſh Preſbyterians, then a Play-wright. This Preacher, like the famous Threſher, the blind Cobler, and others, was at the beginning looked upon as a prodigy of genius and learning, merely from being thought to have, at an early age, produced one tolerable piece. He went on, and it was ſoon ſeen how mean and contemptible his talents were. He ſunk into obſcurity, and his fame, like the torrent he ſpeaks of in *Douglas*,

Infuſed SILENCE with a STILLY ‡ SOUND."

‡ Var. Lect. SILLY.

* "*David Malloch*, author of many forgotten poems and plays, was formerly an uſher to a ſchool in Scotland. On his arrival from the North, he became a great declaimer at

nobly provided for. Let Churchill, or Armſtrong, write like them, your lord-

the London coffee-houſes againſt the Chriſtian religion. Old ſurly *Dennis* was highly offended at his conduct, and always called him *Moloch*. He then changed his name to *Mallet*, and ſoon after publiſhed *An Epiſtle to Mr. Pope on Verbal Criticiſm*. Theobald was attacked in it, and ſoon revenged himſelf in the new edition of Shakeſpeare: "An anonymous "writer has, like a *Scotch pedlar*, in wit, unbraced his pack "on the ſubject. I may fairly ſay of this author, as Fal-"ſtaffe does of Poins—Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick "as Tewkſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him "than a *mallet*." *Preface, p.* 52. *Edition of* 1733.

"This *Malloch* had the happineſs of a wife who had *faith* enough. She believed that her huſband was the greateſt poet and wit of the age. Sometimes ſhe would ſeize and kiſs his hand with rapture, and if the looks of a friend expreſſed any ſurpriſe, would apologize, *that it was the dear hand that wrote thoſe divine poems*. She once lamented to a lady, how much the reputation of her huſband ſuffered by his name being ſo frequently confounded with that of Dr. Smollet. The lady anſwered, *Madam, there is a ſhort remedy, let your husband keep to his own name*."

"The ſame man publiſhed Lord Bolingbroke's Poſthumous Works, for which a Preſentment was made againſt him by *the Grand Jury of Middleſex*. Penſioner Johnſon ſaid, that Lord Bolingbroke had charged a blunderbuſs with all manner of combuſtibles againſt the human race, and that he dared not let it off himſelf, but had hired a raſcal to pull the trigger."

In the octavo Abridgment of Johnſon's Dictionary, is an article of "alias for otherwiſe, as *Mallet* otherwiſe *Malloch*."

ſhip's

ſhip's claſſical taſte will reliſh their works, and patronize the authors. You, my lord, are ſaid to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and Malloch adds, that he wiſhes, for the honour of our country, that this praiſe were not, *almoſt excluſively*, your own. I wiſh too, for the honour of *my* country, and to preſerve your lordſhip from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give *permiſſion* to a *Scottiſh* ſcribbler to ſacrifice almoſt the whole body of *our* nobility to his itch of panegyric on you, of pay from you; and I ſubmit, whether a future inconvenience may not reſult from ſo remarkable an inſtance how certain and ſpeedy the way to obtain the *laſt* is, by means of the *firſt*.

Almoſt all the ſciences, my lord, have at length made ſo great a progreſs in England, that we are become the objects of jealouſy to the reſt of Europe, but

but under your auſpices *Botany* and *Tragedy* have now reached the utmoſt height of perfection. Not only the *Syſtem of Power*, but the *Vegetable Syſtem* likewiſe has been compleated, by the joint labours of your lordſhip, and the great doctor Hill. Tragedy, under Malloch and the Home, has with us rivalled the Greek model, and united the different merits of the great moderns. The fire of Shakeſpeare, and the correctneſs of Racine, have met in your two countrymen. One other exotic too I muſt not forget: Arthur Murphy, gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no leſs than of *writing*, ſo as to touch, in the moſt exquiſite manner, all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have ſcarcely ever felt myſelf more forcibly affected, than by this excellent, but poor, neglected player, except a few years ago at the dutcheſs of Queenſbury's,

where

where your lordſhip ſo frequently *exhibited.* In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable* †, you were ſo great, that the general exclamation was, *here you did not act.* In another *part* you were no leſs perfect. I mean in the famous ſcene of Hamlet, where you pour *fatal poiſon into the ear* of a good unſuſpecting king. If the great names of *Murphy* and *Bute*, *as players*, *penſantur eâdem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to ſay, that you, my Lord, were not only ſuperior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all, who have ever appeared on the great ſtage of the world As a *writer*, I take Mr. Murphy rather to excel you, except in points of *orthography*; but as an actor, he can form no pretenſion to an equality. *Nature* indeed in

† Lord Bute was fond of acting *Lothario.* It was the expreſſion of Frederic prince of Wales, ecchoed by the public, *Here Bute does not act.*

her

her utmoſt *ſimplicity* we admire in Mr. Murphy; but *art*, *art* characterizes your lordſhip.

This too gives your lordſhip a claim to the dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing reſpecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. Pitt, lord Temple, and others, your cotemporaries, unmindful of ſuch great acquirements, were only preparing themſelves for the national buſineſs of parliament, and beginning to take a diſtinguiſhed part in that ſingle ſphere, you, after a ſeven years SERVICE in the *Houſe of Peers*, were become perfect in your various parts, and condeſcended to tread many a private ſtage in the high buſkins of pompous, ſonorous tragedy. With what ſuperior ſucceſs I record with pleaſure. Mr. Pitt

and

and his noble brother are now both in a private ſtation. You hold the firſt office of this kingdom, and enjoy, *almoſt excluſively*, the ſmiles of your ſovereign. They have only the empty applauſe of their country. This too they ſhare with others; a duke of Newcaſtle and Devonſhire; a marquis of Rockingham; an earl of Hardwick; and the two ſpirited young nobles, who ſtand ſo high in fame and virtue, whom England glories that ſhe can call her own, the dukes of † Grafton and Portland. Theſe illuſtrious characters will ever be reſpected by your lordſhip for their ardent love of our *Sovereign* and of *Liberty*, as well as honoured by *this* nation, as the declared,

† The Duke of Grafton afterwards ſold himſelf to the *Thane*, repented of the good he had unwittingly done, aſked pardon, and was forgiven. By way of atonement, and to accommodate himſelf to his new friends, he grew arbitrary, miſchievous, and cruel, in a manner worthy the *baſe blood* of the remorſeleſs, tyrant line of the *Stuarts*.

deter-

determined, and combined enemies of deſpotic, inſolent, contemptible *favouritiſm*.

As *Tragedy* and *Botany* have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your lordſhip one important point reſpecting the *Sciences* and the *Belles Lettres*, which ſtill remains unſettled: I mean *orthography*. The French Academy has fixed it for their nation; and yet a bold modern, Voltaire, has dared to deviate from their rules. He endeavours to eſtabliſh a new *orthography*, ſtill nearer approaching to the pronunciation. With a polite nobleman, this muſt bear the palm, if not of correctneſs, yet of grace and elegance. Some ſpecimens of this kind in our own tongue, which your lordſhip has ſeen, have much amuſed me, although the deviations from the vulgar mode might not perhaps be ſupported with the learned arguments of that amaz-

ing

ing French genius. Indeed, my lord, the *letters*, to which I allude, are ſo curious, that I wiſh for a *fac ſimile* of them, as we have of one famous *genuine letter* of your countryman Archibald Bower †. They would, I am perſuaded, excel all the curious manuſcripts in your univerſity of Aberdeen, or among the immenſe collection of learned books of your late valuable purchaſe in the Argyle library. May I not therefore hope, that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now ſigned, your lordſhip's labours will be directed to this important point, and that we may expect to ſee a compleat *Orthographical* Dictionary, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that great writer, the

† Vide Dr. *John Douglaſs*'s ſeveral pamphlets relative to *Bower*'s correſpondence with the *Jeſuits*.

GREAT BRITON † himſelf, notwithſtanding the excellence of his *Scottiſh* education? Eaſe and elegance will, I am perſuaded, ſtill attend your lordſhip, as inſeparably as they have ever done, nor will you in this caſe be in danger of being forſaken by them, although *Benedict*, or, if you pleaſe in your own botanical phraſe, *Carduus Benedictus*, ſays, *now he is turned* ORTHOGRAPHER, *his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes.*

I ſhould have added, my lord, that the *Play*, of which I now make the humble offering, is a *Tragedy*, the moſt grave and moral of all poems. With a happy propriety, therefore, it comes in-

† Theſe endearing words, *Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Britain*, were permitted to be ſeen in the above royal Orthography, of *Britain* for *Briton*. Some pretended to give an *Icon Baſilike* of his ſacred majeſty King George the Third from that ſingle word. The political writer, the *Briton*, in ſeveral paſſages followed the royal Orthography.

ſcribed

ſcribed to your lordſhip, the moſt *grave*, the moſt *moral*, of all men. A *witty comedy* I would never have offered to your lordſhip, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads aſtray. It is the *primroſe path*, which conducts to folly. Your lordſhip has never deviated into it. You have marched on with ſolemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* ſtep, and on the greateſt occaſions, SO *known*, SO *honoured—at the Houſe of Lords* †, exhibiting to the world what you learned on the ſtage, the moſt pompous diction ~~which~~ with the boldeſt theatrical ſwell, infinitely ſuperior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The eaſy *ſock* of laughing comedy you never condeſcended to wear.

† Grac'd as thou art with all the *pow'r of words*,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords. POPE.

Theſe two lines on *Lord Mansfield* are rather bathos and burleſque than panegyrick; but Mr. Wilkes ſeriouſly and fatally experienced his Lordſhip's *power of words* in the *alteration of the records*.

I have one thing more to urge to your lordſhip, as this *Play* is unhappily imperfect. Your lordſhip loves the ſtage: ſo does Mr. Murphy. Let me intreat your lordſhip to aſſiſt your *friend* in perfecting the weak ſcenes of this *Tragedy*, and from the crude labours of Ben Johnſon and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. *It is the warmeſt wiſh of my heart, that the Earl of* BUTE *may ſpeedily compleat the ſtory of* ROGER MORTIMER. I hope that your lordſhip will *graciouſly* condeſcend to undertake this arduous taſk, to which parts like yours are peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will ſuperſede the leaſt neceſſity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be eaſy. The *fifth Act of this Play* will find thoſe *great talents* ſtill in full vigour, even after you have run ſo wonderful a career. If more *important* concerns, either of buſineſs or *amuſement*, engage you too much, I beg,

my

my lord, that you will pleaſe *royally* to COMMAND Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Macpherſon ſays you COMMANDED him, to publiſh the *proſe-poems* of Fingal and Temora. Such a work will immortalize your glory in the *literary*, as the *Peace of Paris* will in the *political*, world; and I venture to prophecy, that when the name of ROGER MORTIMER ſhall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the lateſt times †.

† This idea does not ſeem to be diſagreeable to the noble Lord, if the following paſſage of a late Journal be true. "We hear with pleaſure of the progreſs of the polite arts "even to *ultima Thule*. We are informed from the north "of Scotland, that at Mount Stewart, in the iſle of Bute, "is lately finiſhed a ſuperb cenotaph, of the fineſt ſtatuary "marble.

"The deſign is beſt explained in the inſcription.

Felici Genio
et
Æternæ Famæ
ROGERI MORTIMER
Comitis de March
Quod monſtravit viam
Hoc quale cumque grati animi et honoris monumentum
Poſuit
Johannes Stuart
COMES DE BUTE."

Give me leave now, my lord, to offer my thanks as an Engliſhman for your public conduct. At your *acceſſion* to power, you found us a diſtracted, diſunited nation. The late abandoned *miniſter of the people* had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the ſenate not excepted: I ſpeak of the *late venal* parliament. You, my lord, have made us an united and happy nation. Corruption *ſtarted like a guilty thing*, upon your ſummons of Mr. Fox; nor have I ſince heard of a ſingle inſtance of undue, unconſtitutional influence exerted in the ſenate. I now ſpeak of the *preſent virtuous* parliament. Your lordſhip too from every foreign court has received the moſt flattering teſtimonies of an unbounded confidence in your *veracity* and *good faith*, equal to their juſt ſenſe of your *tranſcendent abilities*.

I beg pardon, my lord, for having ſo long detained the *patriot* miniſter of the

*patriot*

*patriot* king, from the great ſcenes of *foreign* buſineſs, or the rooting out corruption at *home*, or the *innocent* employments of his leiſure hours. I hope Dr. Hill and the Home will forgive me, and that the great triumvirate having at length compleated a *glorious* and *permanent* peace, may in *learned eaſe*, under the ſhade of their own *olive*, ſoon enjoy the full ſweets of their own philoſophy; for as Candide obſerves, *cela eſt bien dit, mais il faut cultiver nôtre jardin.* In your ſofter, *more envied* hours of retirement, I wiſh *you*, my lord, the moſt exquiſite pleaſures under the ſhade of the *Cyprian myrtle.* Your *patriot* moments will be paſſed under the ſhade of the *Scottiſh fir.*

I will no longer intrude on your lordſhip. The *Cocoa Tree* and *your countrymen* may be impatient to ſettle with you the *army* and the *finances* of *this* kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar *fame* you have ac-

quired, ſo adequate to the wonderful acts of your adminiſtration. You are in full poſſeſſion of that *fame* at the head of *Tories* and *Scotſmen*; but alas! my lord, the hiſtory of mankind ſhews how fantaſtic as well as tranſitory is *fame*. What an excellent moral of humility are we taught by this? It is mortifying to reflect that *the meaneſt have their day*, as well as the moſt eminent and illuſtrious. Although Mr. Pitt † is ſtill

† Of all political adventurers Mr. *Pitt* has been the moſt ſucceſsful, according to the venal ideas of modern ſtateſmen. *Pulteney* ſold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary *Pitt* diſpoſed of his popularity like an exchange-broker. Beſides the ſame *title* with the other apoſtate, *Pitt* ſecured from the Crown a large *family penſion*, and the lucrative *ſinecure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the Houſe of Lords was a political demiſe. He *paſſed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His treachery to the cauſe of the people ſtill loads his memory with curſes.

He raiſed himſelf to the greateſt offices of the ſtate by the rare talent of command in a popular aſſembly. He was indeed born an orator, and from nature poſſeſſed every outward requiſite to beſpeak reſpect and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous *Condé*, fixed your attention, and almoſt commanded reverence, the moment he appeared, and the keen lightenings of his eye ſpoke the haughty, fiery ſoul, before his lips had pronounced a ſyllable. His *tongue dropped venom*.

adored at the head of *Whigs* and *Engliſh-*

*venom*. There was a kind of faſcination in his look, when he eyed any one *askance*. Nothing could withſtand the force of that contagion. The fluent *Murray* has faultered, and even *Fox* ſhrunk back appalled from an adverſary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if I may borrow the expreſſion of our great *Milton*. He always cultivated the art of ſpeaking with the moſt intenſe care and application. He has paſſed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phraſes, and choice of metaphors, yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his ſpeeches could not be read. There was neither ſound reaſoning, nor accuracy of expreſſion, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor the correctneſs of language, ſo ſtriking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold, glowing words. This merit was confined to his ſpeeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeleſs, and incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, ſometimes even offending againſt the plaineſt rules of conſtruction. In the purſuit of eloquence he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he ſacrificed every pleaſure of ſocial life, even in youth, to the ſingle point of talking well.

Multa tulit fecitque puer; ſudavit et alſit;
*Abſtinuit venere et vino*,

to a greater degree than almoſt any man of this age.

He acknowledged, that when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He affected at firſt a ſovereign contempt of money, and when he was Pay-maſter, made a parade of two or three very public acts of diſintereſtedneſs. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid miniſtry, and obtained enormous legacies, penſions, and ſine-cure places, the maſk dropped off. Private intereſt afterwards appeared to be the only idol to

*men*; he too will experience that

The greateſt can but blaze and paſs away ‡.

I am, my Lord,

With a zeal and reſpect equal to your virtues,

Your Lordſhip's

Very humble Servant,

March 15, 1763.

which he ſacrificed. The old duke of Newcaſtle uſed to ſay, *that Mr. Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.*

At his entrance into Parliament, he attacked *Sir Robert Walpole* with indecent acrimony, and continued the perſecution to the laſt moment of that Miniſter's life. He afterwards paid ſervile and fulſome compliments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few *Walpolians*. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and againſt continental connections, for and againſt German wars, for and againſt Hanoverian ſubſidies, &c. &c. ſtill preſerving an unbluſhing, *unembarraſſed* countenance, and was the moſt perfect contradiction of a man to himſelf which the world ever ſaw. If his ſpeeches in parliament had been faithfully publiſhed to the Engliſh, ſoon after they were delivered, as thoſe of Demoſthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been very early detected, and utterly caſt off by his countrymen.

He is ſaid to be ſtill living at *Hayes in Kent*.

‡ And what is *fame?* The meaneſt have their day,
The greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away. POPE.

Extract of a Letter, ſuppoſed to have been written by Mr. Wilkes from Paris, June 5, 1764.

——THE two noble *Swediſh whigs*, of whom you were ſo fond, did me the favour of dining here yeſterday. I paſſed the day very happily, though not ſo joyouſly as that day twelvemonth, in the midſt of my worthy conſtituents at Ayleſbury, all of us in full chorus to the liberties of our country, and the virtues of our ſovereign; yet after the late flagrant acts of deſpotic power in the miniſters, not forgetting either their wickedneſs or their inſolence. † *Joly's champaign* was not neceſſary to inſpire the higheſt good humour and gaiety on ſo white, ſo auſpicious a day as the *fourth of June*. The toaſt conſecrated the wine, and gave it the

† A wine-merchant at Paris.

true

true flavour, although I could not help lamenting my hard and unmerited lot of being forced to give ſuch a toaſt out of my own dear country, and in a land where the ſtandard of *liberty* is not yet erected. With Miſs Wilkes's help we made out tolerably well, GOD SAVE GREAT GEORGE, OUR KING; and as the duke of Nivernois ſays in one of his letters, *Nous avons* toaſté *& chanté fort gaiement, & enfin nous avons été quatre bonnes heures à table.* As I am an univerſal *whig*, I could not avoid giving an additional ſtanza, the poetry of which I endeavoured to bring *down* as low as the reſt of the ſong, and I believe I ſucceeded. The thought was good, that the name of BRUNSWICK may ever be as propitious to the liberties of mankind as that of NASSAU, and that our gracious ſovereign, through a long and glorious reign, *equally feared abroad and beloved at home*,

*home*, may approve himſelf as ſteady a patron of the rights of Engliſhmen as his grandfather was. On the whole, it proved the moſt agreeable day I have paſſed ſince a few of us in April kept the anniverſary of the victory at CULLODEN, which a good many others ſeem to have a *memorandum to forget*, or at leaſt to neglect very ſhamefully.

Lord *Hertford* gave yeſterday a grand dinner to all the *Engliſh* here, *except one*, and to the true *Iriſh* whigs; nor, like a good courtier, did he omit the new converts, the *Scots*. He did not however obſerve the diſtinction which is ſo much in faſhion on your ſide the water, for the friends of the *Hanover* family were received at leaſt as well as their known enemies. My lot is particular and droll enough. I am the ſingle *Engliſhman* not invited by the Ambaſſador of my country, on the only day I can at *Paris* ſhew

my

my attachment to our ſovereign, as if I was diſaffected to the preſent eſtabliſhment; and yet I am frequently and groſsly abuſed by a ridiculous fellow at *Bouillon*, becauſe I am known to hate the other family, and his maſter, the *duke*, married the ſiſter of the Pretender's wife, a princeſs of Poland, of the houſe of Sobieſki. This ſcribler is one *Rouſſeau*, who by a wretched *journal* does all he can twice a month to degrade a name made illuſtrious by one of the beſt French poets, and by the great philoſopher, though *in theſe times* no longer the citizen, of Geneva. He lays at my door the North Britons againſt the Stuarts, and their *dear friends* in the north of our iſland.

You may believe me, when I aſſure you, it was not the ſlighteſt mortification to me, that I did not receive an invitation to the Hotel de Brancas. When I was aſked, how it could happen that ſo

ſtaunch

ſtaunch a *Whig* as Mr. Wilkes was not invited on the 4th *of June*, I laughed like the old *Roman*, *I had rather you ſhould aſk why I was* NOT *than why I* WAS *invited*; perhaps it ſhould have been aſked, why ſome others *were* invited. The liſt of the company, of the *Macs* and *Sawneys*, NOT *in the French ſervice*, would divert you. I wiſh ſome of our neighbours from the other ſide of the Tweed may not keep the † *twenty-firſt* with more real devotion than they did the *fourth*. With reſpect to external rites they were exemplary here, as all new converts are; and I believe you find them in England good *occaſional conformiſts*, though I ſhall ever imagine that it depends on contingencies how long they will continue ſo. To ſay the truth, I paſſed the day much more to my ſatisfaction than I ſhould have done in a ſet

† The Pretender's birth-day.

of

of mixed or ſuſpicious company, a fulſome dull dinner, two hours of mighty grave converſation, to be purchaſed in all civility by ſix more of PHAROAH, which I deteſt, as well as every other kind of gaming. As to the Ambaſſador, I have never had the leaſt connection with him, nor indeed do I now wiſh it; as little too at this time with his † *Scottiſh* Secretary, or at any time with his ‡ *Scottiſh* chaplain.

An Ambaſſador generally owes his very nomination to miniſterial influence, and is almoſt of courſe (§ *though this does not extend through his family)* under the direction of the miniſters, or perhaps as to the preſent caſe, in all propriety we

† Mr. David Hume.

‡ Mr. James Trail, now biſhop of Down and Connor.

§ General Conway, the brother of lord Hertford, was then in the oppoſition.

ought

ought to ſay, of the *miniſter*, who, *behind and between the curtains*, ſtill governs our iſland. I have never been preſented at court, becauſe an Engliſhman ſhould be preſented by the Engliſh Ambaſſador; and I will not aſk any favour of Lord Hertford, in the preſent ſtate of public affairs; although, as a private nobleman, I ſhould be ambitious to merit, and moſt fortunate to obtain, his friendſhip, as well as lord Beauchamp's, from their real ſterling ſenſe, great intrinſic worth, and what ſets off the whole, their *ingenuous, amiable manners* †. I have the protection of the laws, which I never offend, and I am at Paris like any other foreigner, who has no favour to aſk, nor need ſeek any particular protection or ſecurity. The eloge, which the nobleſt of poets ‡ gives me, that I neither

*Court the ſmile, nor dread the frown of kings,*

† This laſt circumſtance ſeems to give an air of irony to the whole.

‡ Churchill.

is as exact truth here as you know it to have been while I was at home. The ſmall circle in which I now walk, will however bear teſtimony to the juſt tribute of gratitude I pay to the humane virtues of a prince, under whoſe mild and gentle government I meet with that protection, which an innocent man had a right to expect, but could not find in his own country, under his own ſovereign. Yet let me do juſtice, and carry my complaints to the ſource from whence they ſpring, to the baſe contrivances of miniſters, exceedingly wicked and corrupt, and beſides ſtung to the quick, who had obtained a moſt unhappy aſcendency over the mind of their Prince, and to ſecure themſelves, had endeavoured to make their moſt odious meaſures paſs for the meaſures of their maſter, that the enormous load of their guilt might be thrown from themſelves upon him; a practice not new,

but

but of which every reign of the Stuarts furniſhes examples.

I hope ſoon to ſend you part of a work, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures*. It opens with the general idea of political liberty; then proceeds to examine the ſentiments of the European nations on this head, as diſtinguiſhed from the almoſt univerſal groſs deſpotiſm of the reſt of the world. The third part is a criticiſm on the various governments of Europe. The fourth and laſt, is entirely on the Engliſh conſtitution, the various changes it has undergone, the improvements made in it by the glorious *Revolution*, and the no leſs happy than timely *acceſſion* of the houſe of Brunſwick. There are a few hints of ſome remedies to the defects ſtill ſubſiſting in this noble, and, if my prayers are heard, this eternal fabric. A large *Appendix* contains, I hope, a full juſtification of my conduct

upon conſtitutional grounds. A variety of characters are drawn from the life, which, if I miſtake not, will entertain you. They are certainly curious and genuine, and I believe not *ſkeletons*, though I hope the originals will be ſo before the book is publiſhed.

I am tolerably well in health, and my ſpirits are not ſunk. I bear up ſtill with courage; but *illum hauſi dolorem vel acerbiſſimum in vitâ, abſtrahi è ſinu gremioque patriæ.* Adieu.

# A Letter to the worthy Electors of the Borough of Aylesbury, in the County of Bucks.

*Vox Populi, vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a People, not of the bare MAJORITY of a few *Representatives*; which is often procured by little arts, and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of *Malice* and *Revenge*, are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results, which have at certain times fallen from great assemblies, both antient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that publick Conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men—therefore when we sometimes meet a *few words* put together, which is called the *Vote* or *Resolution* of an Assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or publick good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a *Vote* has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain, afterwards raised and supported by an obsequious party, and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial MAJORITY.

SWIFT. *Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome.*

Paris, Oct. 22, 1764.

GENTLEMEN,

THE very honourable, unanimous, and repeated marks of eſteem you conferred on me, by committing to my truſt your liberty, ſafety, property, and all thoſe glorious privileges, which are your birth-right as Engliſhmen, entitle you to my warmeſt thanks, and to the higheſt tribute of gratitude my heart can pay. Yet in the peculiar circumſtances of my caſe, I think that I ought not at preſent to reſt contented with thanking you. I have always found a true pleaſure in ſubmitting to you my parliamentary conduct. It is now more particularly my duty; and when I reflect on the real importance and intereſting nature of thoſe great events, in which, as your repreſentative, I have been more immediately concerned, I am exceedingly anxious not barely to juſtify myſelf, but to obtain the ſanction of your approbation.

approbation. It has ever been my ambition to approve myſelf worthy of the choice you have more than once made of me as your deputy to the great council of the nation, with an unanimity equally honourable and endearing. The conſciouſneſs of having faithfully diſcharged my truſt, of having acted an upright and ſteady part in Parliament, as well as in the moſt arduous circumſtances, makes me dare to hope, that you will continue to me what I moſt value, the good opinion and friendſhip of my worthy conſtituents. Having the happineſs of being born in a country, where the name of *vaſſal* is unknown, where MAGNA CHARTA is the inheritance of the ſubject, I have endeavoured to ſupport and merit thoſe privileges, to which my birth gave me the cleareſt right. Secure as I am of fully juſtifying my conduct, could I perſuade myſelf that I have acted up to the ſacred ideas

of liberty, which warm the hearts, and inſpire the actions of my countrymen, I ſhould not, under all the variety of the moſt unjuſt and cruel perſecutions, be quite unhappy.

The various charges brought againſt me may be reduced to two heads. The one is of a public, the other of a private nature. The firſt is grounded on the political paper of the *North Briton*, No. 45; the other reſpects a ſmall part of a ludicrous poem, which was ſtolen out of my houſe. The two accuſations are only ſo far connected, that I am convinced there is not a man in England, who believes that if the *firſt* had not appeared, the *ſecond* would ever have been called in queſtion.

The *Majority* in the *Houſe of Commons* on the 15th of November 1763, *Reſolved*, "That the Paper, intituled, *The* "*North Briton*, No. 45, is a *falſe*, *ſcan-*"*dalous*, and *ſeditious Libel*, containing "expreſſions

" expreſſions of the moſt unexampled " inſolence and contumely towards his " Majeſty, the groſſeſt aſperſions upon " both Houſes of Parliament, and the " moſt audacious defiance of the autho- " rity of the whole Legiſlature, and " moſt manifeſtly tending to alienate " the affections of the People from his " Majeſty, to withdraw them from their " obedience to the laws of the realm, " and to excite them to traiterous inſur- " rections againſt his Majeſty's govern- " vernment." Theſe are the words of the *Reſolution*. I mean to examine them with ſome accuracy.

The firſt charge is, that *The North Briton*, No. 45, is a FALSE *Libel*. The *Reſolution* was moved by *Lord North*; yet in a tedious ſpeech he did not attempt to diſpute the *veracity* of any one paragraph in the whole paper. I was in my place during that debate, and I took notice to the Houſe, that his lordſhip

had not ſaid a word to prove the *falſity* of any one ſentence; but I could obtain no ſatisfaction, not even a reply, on that head. On my trial before lord Mansfield, the word *falſe* was omitted in the information, becauſe I ſuppoſe the Court of *King's Bench* knew that I would prove publickly *on oath in that Court* by the higheſt authorities, that every word in it was *true.* The word *falſe* is not to be found among the various epithets applied to this Paper, in either of the warrants iſſued by lord Halifax. I am bold to declare, upon the moſt careful peruſal of this Paper, that there is not any one particular advanced, which is not founded on fact, and that every line in it is ſtrictly and ſcrupulouſly conformable to *truth.* I will not compliment the preſent profligate *Majority* in the *Houſe of Commons* ſo far as to ſay, they were ſo well informed, that they knew the exact truth of *every* aſ-

ſertion

ſertion in that Paper. *One* particular however came within their knowledge, the means by which it is hinted that the ENTIRE APPROBATION OF PARLIAMENT, even of the *Preliminary Articles* of the late inglorious Peace, was obtained, and the previous ſtep to the obtaining that ENTIRE APPROBATION, the large debt contracted on the *Civil Liſt*. They knew this aſſertion was extremely *true*, and I am as ready to own that it was extremely *ſcandalous*.

The ſecond charge of *ſcandalous* muſt then be admitted in its full extent, ſtill keeping in our view that it is *true*. But to whom is it *ſcandalous?* To the *Majority*, who have ſacrificed the intereſts of the nation, by giving the ENTIRE APPROBATION OF PARLIAMENT, of which ſo much parade is made in the *Speech*, to an act, which ought to have been followed by an impeachment—To the Miniſter, who made the late ignominious

nious *Peace*, and in the very firſt year of it impoſed on us an intolerable *Exciſe*—To the worſt of vipers in our boſom, to the *Tories*, who have never failed to ſupport his unconſtitutional meaſures, who have made us almoſt forget the infamy of their anceſtors at *Utrecht*, by the greater ſacrifices of the *Peace of Paris*. Theſe are the objects of ſatire in a Paper, which deſerved indeed the higheſt reſentment of the *Majority*, becauſe it had proclaimed their diſgrace, their *ſcandal*, through all Europe. It was very natural for theſe men no longer to ſuffer the *ſuppoſed* author to ſit among them, and I ſhould have gloried in my *expulſion*, if it had not diſſolved a political connection with my friends at Ayleſbury, which did me real honour.

Another charge is, "That the Paper "is a *ſeditious* libel, tending to with- "draw the People from their obedience "to the laws of the realm, and to ex-

"cite

" cite them to *traiterous* inſurrections " againſt his Majeſty's government." By the firſt warrant, under which I was apprehended, *The North Briton*, No. 45, was denominated a *treaſonable* Paper. In the ſecond, by which I was committed to the Tower, *that* word too was omitted; ſo that the greateſt enemies of this Paper ſeem to give up it's being either *falſe* or *treaſonable*. Now the charge is varied by the *Majority* in the *Houſe of Commons*, with all the little quibbling of attornies. The Paper is not TREASONABLE, but *it tends to excite* TRAITEROUS *inſurrections*. It is remarkable that the epithet TRAITEROUS is here given to *inſurrection*, as the *ſuppoſed* conſequence of a *ſuppoſed* libel; whereas the Scots, who appeared in open rebellion ſo lately as 1745, were in the weekly writings againſt the *North Briton*, publiſhed under the patronage of the *Scottiſh* Miniſter, and *paid for by him out of the public treaſure*, only

only termed *inſurgents*, *who defeated regular forces.* Yet in fact no *inſurrection of any kind* ever did, or could, follow from this publication, even in thoſe parts of the kingdom ſo lately ſubjected to all the inſolence and cruelty of the moſt deſpicable of our ſpecies, the mean, petty *Exciſeman.* This is the ſtrongeſt caſe which can poſſibly be put. The Excise is the moſt abhorred monſter, which ever ſprung from arbitrary power, and the new mode of it is ſpoken of through this Paper as the greateſt grievance on the ſubject; yet *even in this caſe*, obedience to the *laws*, and all *lawful authority*, is ſtrictly enjoined, and no oppoſition, but what is conſiſtent with the *laws* and the *conſtitution*, is allowed. The words are very temperate, cautious, and well guarded. " Every *legal* attempt " of a contrary tendency to the ſpirit of " concord will be deemed a juſtifiable " reſiſtance,

" reſiſtance, warranted by the ſpirit of " the Engliſh conſtitution." Is this withdrawing the people from their obedience to the *laws* of the realm? Is *reſiſtance* recommended, but expreſsly only ſo far as it is ſtrictly LEGAL? Let the impartial public determine whether this is the language of SEDITION, or can have the leaſt *tendency* to excite TRAITEROUS *inſurrections*, or whether the Houſe of Commons have not made a *falſe* and groundleſs charge.

The general charge, that *The North Briton*, No. 45, is a LIBEL, ſcarcely deſerves an anſwer, becauſe the term is vague, and ſtill remains undefined by our law. Every man applies it to what he diſlikes. A ſpirited *ſatire* will he deemed a *libel* by a wicked Miniſter, and by a corrupt judge, who feel, or who dread the laſh. In my opinion the rankeſt *libel* of modern times is the *falſe* and fulſome

*Addreſs*

*Addreſs* of the *Majority* in this *Houſe of Commons* on the *Preliminary Articles*. They ſaid that they had conſidered them with their *beſt attention*, they expreſſed the *ſtrongeſt ſentiments of gratitude*, they gave their *hearty applauſe*, they declared the *Peace* would be *no leſs honourable than profitable, ſolid, and, in all human probability, permanent*. Were the *Houſe of Commons* ſerious in this *Addreſs*, which was drawn up and preſented, even before any one of the groſs blunders in the *Preliminaries* had been amended? If they were, the body of the people judged better, and did not heſitate to give their clear opinion, that the glories of the war were ſacrificed by an *indequate* and *inſecure Peace*, which could not fail of ſoon retrieving the affairs of *France*. Time has already proved that the nation judged right, and that the *Peace* is in almoſt every part *infamous* and *rotten*, contrary to the vain boaſt in

the* *Miniſter's Speech* at the † *beginning* of the ſame ſeſſion, " The utmoſt care has " been taken to remove all occaſions of " future diſputes between my ſubjects " and thoſe of *France* and *Spain*, and " thereby to add ſecurity and perma- " nency to the bleſſings of *Peace*." A declaration not believed by the nation at the time it was made, and ſince, from a

* This expreſſion, *the Miniſter's Speech*, ſhould always be uſed, both from propriety and decency. From propriety, becauſe the *Miniſter* compoſes it, and therefore it is ſtrictly *his* ſpeech. From decency, becauſe when it becomes neceſſary to guard the people againſt any deceit or falſehood, which a wicked Adminiſtration chuſe to uſe the King's tongue to broach, the King's printer to publiſh, the King's name to juſtify, by this precaution the public odium recoils on the *Miniſter*, and no blame, nor ridicule, directly reach the ſacred perſon of the Sovereign.

The ſneer in *Pope* is really indecent. The good biſhop, who publiſhed the late edition of his works, ought in the *mild limbo* of his commentary, to have ſoftened the ſeverity of the following paſſage.

What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? " *The King*'s," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words*?—" O Sir, the *Dictionary*."

POPE. Warburton's Edition, vol. iv. p. 275.

† On the 25th of November 1762. The affair of *Dunkirk*, the *Canada Bills*, the *Manilla Ranſom*, &c. were unſettled at the end of May 1769.

variety

variety of facts, known not to be founded on *truth*. The *North Briton* did not ſuffer the public to be miſled. He acknowleged no *privileged vehicle of fallacy*. He conſidered the *liberty of the preſs* as the bulwark of all our liberties, as inſtituted to open the eyes of the people, and he ſeems to have thought it the duty of a political writer to follow *truth* wherever it leads. In his behalf I would aſk even *Lord Mansfield*, *can* TRUTH *be a* LIBEL? *Is it ſo in the King's Bench?* Though it has always found a cold and unwelcome reception from his lordſhip, though it has through life proved much more his enemy than his friend, yet ſurely he has not been uſed to treat it as a *libel*. I do not know what the doctrine of the *King's Bench* NOW is, but I am ſure that it will be a ſatisfactory anſwer to the honeſt part of mankind, who follow the dictates of ſound ſenſe, not the jargon of law, nor

the

the court flattery of venal Parliaments, that the *North Briton*, No. 45, cannot be a LIBEL, becauſe it does not in any one line deviate from *truth*.

This unlucky paper is likewiſe ſaid to contain " expreſſions of the moſt un- " exampled inſolence and contumely to- " wards his Majeſty, moſt manifeſtly " tending to alienate the affections of the " People from his Majeſty;" and by the hirelings of the Miniſtry it is always in private charged with *perſonal* diſreſpect to the King. It is however moſt certain that not a ſingle word *perſonally* diſreſpectful to his Majeſty is to be found in any part of it. On the contrary, the Sovereign is mentioned not only in terms of decency, but with that regard and reverence, which is due from a good ſubject to a good King—" A Prince of " ſo many great and amiable qualities, " whom England truly reveres—The " perſonal character of our preſent ami-

" able Sovereign makes us eaſy and " happy that ſo great a power is lodged " in ſuch hands." Are theſe the " ex- " preſſions of the moſt unexampled in- " ſolence and contumely towards his " Majeſty," which the *Majority* in this Houſe of Commons have declared that it contains? Are theſe " expreſſions moſt " manifeſtly tending to alienate the af- " fections of the People from his Ma- " jeſty?" The *Majority*, who could vote this, ſeem equally ſuperior to any regard for truth, or modeſt fear of de- tection. The author of that Paper, ſo far from making any *perſonal* attack on his ſovereign, has even vindicated him *perſonally* from ſome of the late meaſures, which were ſo ſeverely cenſured by the judicious and unbiaſſed Public. He ex- claims, with an honeſt indignation, " what a ſhame was it to ſee the ſecurity " of this country, in point of military " force, complimented away, CONTRARY

" TO

" TO THE OPINION OF ROYALTY ITSELF,
" and ſacrificed to the prejudices and to
" the ignorance of a ſet of people, the
" moſt unfit from every conſideration
" to be conſulted on a matter relative
" to the ſecurity of the Houſe of Ha-
" nover?" When the *ſpeech* is mentioned, when the various abſurdities, and even *fallacies* of it, are held out to the nation, it is always called, in the language of Parliament and of the conſtitution, the *Miniſter's ſpeech*; and the author declares, that he doubts, " whe-
" ther the impoſition is greater on the
" ſovereign or on the nation;" ſo tender has he been of the honour of his Prince, ſo zealous in his vindication. The Miniſter is indeed every where treated with the contempt and indignation he has merited, but he is ever carefully diſtinguiſhed from the Sovereign. Every kingdom in the world has in it's turn found occaſion to lament that princes of

the beſt intentions have been deceived and miſled by wicked and deſigning *Miniſters* and *Favourites*. It has likewiſe in moſt countries been the fate of the few daring patriots, who have honeſtly endeavoured to undeceive their Sovereign, to feel the heavieſt marks of his diſpleaſure. It is however I think rather wonderful *among us, even in theſe times*, that a Paper, which contains the moſt dutiful expreſſions of regard to his Majeſty, ſhould be treated with ſuch unuſual ſeverity, and yet that ſo many other publications of the ſame date, full of the moſt deadly venom, ſhould paſs totally unregarded. Some of theſe papers contained the moſt opprobrious reflections on that true patron of liberty, the *late King*, whoſe memory is embalmed with the tears of Engliſhmen, while his aſhes are rudely trampled upon by others, whom his godlike attribute of mercy had pardoned the crime of unprovoked

rebellion.

rebellion. Others were full of the moſt indecent abuſe on our great Proteſtant ally, the King of Pruſſia, on the near relation of his preſent Majeſty, who has merited ſo highly of the nation by fixing the crown in the Houſe of Hanover, on the ſtaunchest friends of freedom, the City of London, and on the firſt characters among us. Yet all theſe papers have paſſed uncenſured by Miniſters, Secretaries, and by the two Houſes of Parliament.

There only remains one other charge, that the *North Briton*, No. 45, contains "the groſſeſt aſperſions upon both "Houſes of Parliament, and the moſt "audacious defiance of the *authority* of "the whole Legiſlature." It is to be lamented that the *Majority* of either Houſe of Parliament ſhould ever lay the juſt ground of any *aſperſion*, or fall into general contempt with the people. We have ſeen their actions, and we know the

mercenary motives of them. When the *groſſeſt aſperſions* are complained of, the queſtion is, *Have they been merited? Are they well founded?* It is in vain they talk of their *authority*. It is departed from them. *Authority*, which is founded on eſteem and reverence, and is the conſtant attendant only of thoſe who are believed to be good and virtuous, has long ago left them; but I muſt own their *power* ſtill remains. We have ſeen to what unjuſtifiable lengths it has been carried; and a man who is raſh enough to make an impotent and unavailing attack upon it, will ſoon find himſelf the unpitied victim. All thinking men are full of apprehenſions at the approach of their meeting, and the nation impatiently expects the allotted term of reſuming a power they have ſo ſhamefully abuſed, by ſetting aſide thoſe, who have made the nobleſt blood of our heroes be ſpilt almoſt in vain. Under the *arbitrary*

*Stuarts*,

*Stuarts*, when our more than Roman Senates dared to bring *truth* to the foot of the throne, and made the trembling tyrant obey her ſacred voice, the nation was in love with Parliaments, becauſe they were the ſteady friends of liberty, and never met but in favour of the ſubject to redreſs the grievances of the people. Now we are alarmed at every approaching *ſeſſion*, becauſe we know that a corrupt *Majority* only aſſemble to make their own terms with the miniſter, to load their fellow-ſubjects with the moſt partial taxes, in order to pay the amazing number of uſeleſs places and penſions, created only to prevent their *mutiny* or *deſertion*, or to ſurrender to the crown thoſe *privileges* of Parliament, coeval with the conſtitution, which were at length acknowleged to be a juſt claim, and extorted from the uſurpation of former *prerogative princes* for the ſafety of the people, and I fear they meet to forge fetters for themſelves and their poſterity.

I have thus, gentlemen, gone through all the objections made againſt this paper, which is certainly innocent, perhaps meritorious, only to ſhew the extreme injuſtice of the treatment I experienced, as the *ſuppoſed* author. The moſt cruel orders were given by the deceaſed ſecretary of ſtate, *to drag me out of my bed at midnight.* A good deal of humanity, and ſome ſhare of timidity, prevented the execution of ſuch ruffian-like commands. I was made a priſoner in my own houſe by ſeveral of the King's meſſengers, who only produced a *General Warrant* iſſued without oath, neither naming, nor deſcribing me. I therefore refuſed to obey a warrant, which I knew to be illegal. I was however by violence carried before the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, who thought it worth their while to aſk me a tolerable number of plain queſtions, to not one of which I thought it worth my while to give a

fore

plain anſwer. It is now no ſmall ſatiſfaction to me to know, that I have not a friend in the world, who wiſhes a ſingle word *unſaid* by me in the critical moment of that examination. I informed their lordſhips of the orders actually given by the *Court of Common Pleas* for my *Habeas Corpus*; notwithſtanding which I was committed to the Tower, the cuſtody of me ſhifted into other hands, and that act for the liberty of the ſubject eluded. Although the offence of which I ſtood accuſed, was undoubtedly *bailable*, yet for three days every perſon was refuſed admittance to me, and the † governor was obliged to treat me in a manner very different from the great humanity of his nature, for he had received orders to conſider me as a *cloſe* priſoner. I rejoice that I can ſay, I am the only inſtance of ſuch rigorous treatment ſince the acceſſion of the mild Houſe of Brunſwick, although the

† Major Rainsford.

obliged

Tower has twice been crouded even with rebels from the northern parts of the Iſland; and therefore I ſhall continue to regret the wretched and cowardly policy, the indecent partiality, and even injuſtice, of conferring on Scotſmen ALL the governments of the few conqueſts not tamely given up by the SCOTTISH *Miniſter*, conqueſts won by the valour of the united forces of England, Scotland and Ireland. While I ſuffered this harſh confinement, my houſe in Great George Street was plundered, all my papers were ſeized, and ſome of a very ‡ nice and de-

‡ Whatever is held moſt dear or ſacred was violated by men deſtitute of every good principle, and ſpurning at all ties of private conſcience, as well as of public decorum. An indiſcreet letter of the handſome and lively wife of a Member of Parliament in the oppoſition was found in Mr. Wilkes's pocket-book. The original was ſhewn even to ſome relations of the huſband, and the peace of two families ſacrificed at the altar of miniſterial revenge. A paper was found ſealed up and endorſed, *Mr. Wilkes's laſt Will and Teſtament*. It was evident this was a paper of the moſt private nature; yet the ſeal was not reſpected, and the ſacredneſs of ſuch a deed could not preſerve his moſt ſecret concerns from being divulged to the public.

licate

licate nature, not bearing the moſt diſtant relation to the affairs of government, were divulged, as if Adminiſtration had been determined to ſhew, that men, who had violated *public juſtice*, were incapable of *private honour*.

Two days previous to my being heard before a court of juſtice, I had the grief to find that my enemies had prevailed on his Majeſty to ſhew me a public mark of his diſpleaſure, by ſuperſeding me as *Colonel* of the Regiment of my own county, without any complaint againſt me, which could not but give ſuch a ſtep the very unconſtitutional appearance of an endeavour to *influence* or *intimidate* my judges. When I was brought before the court of *Common Pleas*, I pleaded the cauſe of *univerſal liberty*. It was not the cauſe of Peers and Gentlemen only, but of *all the middling and inferior claſs of people, which ſtand moſt in need of protection*, which I obſerved was on that day the great

queſtion

queſtion before the court. I was diſcharged from impriſonment by the unanimous ſentence of my judges, without giving any bail or ſecurity. On the firſt day of the meeting of Parliament, I humbly ſubmitted my grievances to the *Houſe of Commons*, as they were choſen to be the guardians of the liberties of the people againſt the deſpotiſm of miniſters. I likewiſe voluntarily entered my appearance to the actions brought at law againſt me, as ſoon as I knew the determination of the *Majority*, that all the irregularities againſt me ſhould be juſtified, and that no *privilege* ſhould be allowed *in my caſe*, even as to the ‡ mode of proceeding, which was the moſt harſh the rancour of party could deviſe.

The firſt charge exhibited againſt me was for being the *author* of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and I was expelled the Houſe of Commons on that charge, after

‡ The ſubpœna, &c. ſerved on Mr. Wilkes.

a *looſe*

a *looſe* examination at their bar of *witneſſes without oath.* The judicial proceedings againſt me, as the *ſuppoſed author*, were however dropped, and I was afterwards tried in the *King's Bench* only for the *republication* of it. If the charge againſt me as *author* was juſt, and could be ſupported *on oath*, why was I not tried at law on that charge? If the charge was unjuſt, and could not be ſupported *on oath*, why was I *expelled?* If the *republication* is a crime, it was publickly committed by the printers of ſeveral news-papers, who ſtill remain unnoticed, although their names appear to their ſeveral papers. This is ſurely a glaring proof of the greateſt partiality. My perſonal enemy, *Lord Mansfield*, choſe to try both the cauſes againſt me, that he might in the moſt daſtardly manner, under the colour of law, avenge the attack made on thoſe known political principles

principles of his, ſo inconſiſtent with the glorious *Revolution*, on the rooted attachment of himſelf and his neareſt relations to the *Stuart* family, on his partiality in the ſeat of juſtice, &c, &c, which ſeem to have been favourite topics in the *North Briton*, and other political papers, of which his Lordſhip did me the honour to name me as the author. This had long rankled in his heart, and now the faireſt opportunity of revenge preſented itſelf. Having carefully ſtudied the *records*, and finding that they did not inſure the certainty he wiſhed of my conviction, on the evening preceding the trials, he ſent for my *ſolicitor* TO HIS OWN HOUSE, and deſired him to conſent to the alterations his Lordſhip propoſed in both the cauſes, that of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and of the *Eſſay on Woman*. The *Chief juſtice* ſunk into the crafty *attorney*, and made himſelf a party againſt the perſon accuſed before him

him as judge, when he ought to have preſumed me *innocent*. My *ſolicitor* refuſed, and againſt his conſent *the records were there materially altered* by his Lordſhip's expreſs orders, ſo that I was tried on two new charges, very different from thoſe I had anſwered. This is, I believe, the moſt daring violation of the rights of *Engliſhmen*, which has been committted by any judge ſince the time of *Jeffries*; yet this arbitrary Scottiſh *Chief Juſtice* ſtill remains unimpeached—except in the hearts of the whole nation. Several of the *Jury* were by counter-notices, ſigned *Summoning Officer*, prevented from attending on the day appointed for the trial, while others had not only private notice given them of the *real day*, but likewiſe inſtructions for their behaviour. To crown the whole, *Lord Mansfield* in his charge *tortured both the law and the fact ſo groſly*, that the audience were ſhocked no leſs at the indecency than at the partiality of his conduct.

I was

I was during all this time very dangerouſly ill with my daughter at Paris, abſolutely incapable of making any perſonal defence, and indeed totally ignorant of the two new queſtions, on which I was to be tried.

The *Majority* in the Houſe of Commons had in this interval grown ſo impatient for revenge, that they would not wait to ſee, if I ſhould be intangled in the nice meſhes of the curious *Mansfield* net, which was ſpread for me. They voted my *expulſion*, while I was confined to my bed at Paris, although I had ſent to their *Speaker* the moſt authentic proof of my abſolute inability to attend their ſummons, and had only deſired a ſhort delay. Humanity pleaded my cauſe in vain. The corrupt and cankered hearts of thoſe men, which had been ſhut againſt juſtice, were not open to pity. They were ſteeled againſt compaſſion, but I am ſure they will feel remorſe.

I now

I now proceed to the other charge brought againſt me, which reſpects an idle poem, called an ESSAY ON WOMAN, and a few other detached verſes. If ſo much had not been ſaid on this ſubject, I ſhould be ſuperior to entering upon any juſtification of myſelf, becauſe I will always maintain the right of private opinion in it's fulleſt extent, when it is not followed by giving any open, public offence to any eſtabliſhment, or indeed to any individual. The crime commences from thence, and the magiſtrate has a right to interpoſe, and even to puniſh outrageous and indecent attacks on what any community has decreed to be ſacred. Not only the rules of good breeding, but the laws of ſociety are then infringed. In my own cloſet I had a right to examine, and even to try by the keen edge of ridicule, any opinions I pleaſed. If I have laughed pretty freely at the glaring abſurdities of the moſt monſtrous *creed*, which was ever

attempted to be impoſed on the credulity of Chriſtians, a creed which our great Tillotſon WISHED THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAS FAIRLY RID OF, it was in private I laughed. I am not the firſt good proteſtant, who has amuſed himſelf with the egregious nonſenſe, and ſilly conceits, of that ſtrange, perplexed, and perplexing mortal, that *ſaint* of more admirable ſwallow, and more happy digeſtion than any of the tribe, *Athanaſius*. I gave however no offence to any one individual of the community. The fact is, that after the affair of the *North Briton*, the government bribed one of my ſervants to *ſteal* a part of the *Eſſay on Woman*, and the other pieces, out of my houſe. Not quite a *fourth* part of the volume had been printed at my own private preſs. The work had been diſcontinued for ſeveral months, before I had the leaſt knowledge of the theft. Of that *fourth* part only twelve copies were worked off,

and

and I never gave one of thoſe copies to any friend. In this infamous manner did government get poſſeſſion of this new ſubject of accuſation, and, except in the caſe of Algernon Sydney, of this new ſpecies of crime; for a *Stuart* only could make the refinement in tyranny of ranſacking and robbing the receſſes of cloſets and ſtudies, in order to convert *private amuſements* into *ſtate crimes*. After the ſervant had been bribed to commit the theft in his maſter's houſe, the moſt abandoned ‡ man of the age, who in this *virtuous* reign had riſen to be ſecretary of ſtate, was bribed to make a complaint to the Houſe of Lords, that I had *publiſhed*

‡ The earl of Sandwich, of whom *Churchill* in the *Candidate* ſays,

Vice, bold, ſubſtantial vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.——
Search earth, ſearch hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

an infamous *Poem*, which no man there had ever ſeen. It was read before that great aſſembly of *grave lords* and *pious prelates*, *excellent judges of wit and poetry*, and was ordered to lie on the table, for the clerks of the Houſe to copy, and to *publiſh* through the nation. The whole of this proceeding was, I own, a public inſult on order and decency; but it was committed by the Houſe of Lords, not by the accuſed member of the Houſe of Commons. The neat, prim, ſmirking *chaplain* of that babe of grace, that *gude cheeld* of the prudiſh *kirk* of *Scotland*, the *Earl of March*, was highly offended at my having made an *eſſay on woman*. *His nature* could not forgive me that **ineffable* crime, and *his own conduct* did not afford me the ſhadow of an apology. In great wrath he drew his grey gooſe quill againſt me. The *pious peer* caught the alarm, and they both poured forth moſt woful

* The expreſſion of Mr. Kidgell.

lamentations,

lamentations, their tender hearts overwhelmed with *grief*, or as the *chaplain*, who held the pen, ſaid, with *grief of griefs*. He proceeded to make very unfair extracts, and afterwards to *be-note* them in the foulest manner. The moſt vile blaſphemies were forged, and publiſhed as part of a work, which in reality contained nothing but fair ridicule on ſome doctrines I could not believe, mock panegyrick, flowing from mere envy, which ſickened at the *ſuperior parts and abilities*, as well as *wondrous deeds* of a man I could not love, a few portraits drawn from warm life, with the too high colouring of a youthful fancy, and two or three deſcriptions, perhaps too luſcious, which though *nature and woman* might pardon, a Kidgell and a Mansfield could not fail to condemn.

I have now, Gentlemen, gone through all the objections, which have been made to my conduct in a *public* capacity. My

enemies finding that I was invulnerable, where they pointed their moſt envenomed darts, afterwards attempted to aſſaſſinate my private character, and propagated an infinite variety of groundleſs calumnies againſt me. I have generally treated theſe with the contempt they deſerved, from the certainty that all who knew me, would know that I was incapable of the things laid to my charge. A few falſehoods advanced with more boldneſs than the reſt, I was at the pains to refute. The Wincheſter § ſtory in particular, becauſe it reſpected lord Bute's own ſon, and had been uſhered to the public with the greateſt parade, as well as with all the impudence of malice, and rage of party, I diſproved ſo fully, that I am ſure not the leaſt ſhadow of a doubt remained in any man's mind as to my entire innocence of that moſt illiberal charge. I have lived ſo long among you, Gentlemen, that I

§ Vide the North Briton, No. XXI.

will

will reſt every thing reſpecting me as a private man on the teſtimony, which the experience of ſo many years authorizes you to give, well knowing that true candour always weighs in the ſame balance faults and virtues. The *ſhades* in private life are darkened by an enemy, but ſcarcely ſeen by a friend. Beſides it is not given to every man to be as *pious* as lord Sandwich, or as *chaſte*, yet as *potent*, in and out of the marriage-bed, in all thought, word, and deed, as the *Biſhop of Glouceſter*.

A few other particulars, Gentlemen, deſerve to be mentioned, that you may have before you the whole of my conduct in theſe intereſting affairs. Immediately after the late flagrant breach of the laws, I thought it my duty to the community to commence actions againſt all the perſons guilty. I deſpiſed the meanneſs of attacking only agents and deputies. I endeavoured to bring to the juriſdiction

of the law, the *principals*, the firſt and great offenders, the *two ſecretaries of ſtate*. I bluſh for my country, when I add, that although I have employed the ableſt gentlemen of the profeſſion, they have hitherto found it impoſſible even to force an appearance. Lord Egremont died, braving the juſtice of his country. Lord Halifax lives, perhaps to triumph over it, and to give the example to future ſecretaries of committing the groſſeſt violation of the rights of the Commons with impunity. The judicial proceedings at my ſuit commenced in the beginning of May twelvemonth, and now at the end of October in the preſent year, his lordſhip has not entered any appearance, ſeeking ſhelter all the winter under *privilege*, all the ſummer under the *chicane of law*. The *little offenders* indeed have not eſcaped. Several *honeſt juries* have marked them with ignominy, and their guilt has been followed

followed with legal punishment. But what is of infinitely greater importance to the nation, we have heard from the Bench, that GENERAL WARRANTS *are absolutely illegal.* Such a declaration is become in the highest degree interesting to the subject, because the *Majority* in this *courtly House of Commons refused* the very last winter to come to any resolution in favour of the rights of their fellow-subjects. We owe it likewise to the most upright, independent, and intrepid *Chief Justice* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, that in the action against the under secretary of state, Mr. Wood, *the seizure of papers*, except in cases of High Treason, has been declared *illegal.*

When I reflect on these two most important determinations in favour of *liberty*, the best cause, and the noblest stake, for which men can contend, I congratulate my free-born countrymen, and am full of

gratitude

gratitude that heaven inſpired me with a firmneſs and fortitude equal to the conduct of ſo arduous a buſineſs. Under all the wanton cruelties of uſurped and abuſed power, the goodneſs of the cauſe ſupported me, and I never loſt ſight of the great object, which I had from the firſt in my view, the preſervation of the rights and privileges of every *Engliſhman*. I glory in the name, and will never forget the duties reſulting from it. Though I am driven into exile from my dear country, I ſhall never ceaſe to love and reverence it's conſtitution, while it remains free. It will continue my firſt ambition to approve myſelf a faithful ſon of England, and I ſhall always be ready to give my life a willing ſacrifice to my native country, and to what it holds moſt dear, the ſecurity of our invaluable liberties. While I live, I ſhall enjoy the ſatisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain,

that

that the preſent age has borne the nobleſt teſtimony to me, and that my name will paſs with honour to poſterity, for the upright and diſintereſted part I have acted, and for my unwearied endeavours *to protect and ſecure the perſons, houſes, and papers, of my fellow-ſubjects from arbitrary viſits and ſeizures.*

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

With much regard and affection,

Your moſt obliged,

And obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

A Letter to his Grace *the Duke of* Grafton, First Commiſſioner of his Majeſty's Treaſury.

London, Nov. 1, 1766.

MY LORD,

IT is a very peculiar ſatisfaction I feel on my return to my native country, that a nobleman of your grace's ſuperior talents, and inflexible integrity, is at the head of the moſt important department of the ſtate. I have been witneſs of the general applauſe, which has been given abroad to the choice his Majeſty has made; and I am happy to find my own countrymen zealous and unanimous in every teſtimony of their approbation.

I hope, my lord, that I may congratulate myſelf, as well as my country, on your grace's being placed in a ſtation of ſo great power and importance. Though I have been cut off from the body of his Majeſty's ſubjects, by a cruel

cruel and unjuſt proſcription, I have never entertained an idea inconſiſtent with the duty of a good ſubject. My heart ſtill retains all it's former warmth for the dignity of England, and the glory of it's Sovereign. I have not aſſociated with the traitors to our liberties, nor made a ſingle connection with any man who was dangerous, or even ſuſpected by the friends of the proteſtant family on the throne. I now hope that the rigour of a long, unmerited exile is paſt, and that I may be allowed to continue in the land, and among the friends, of liberty.

I wiſh, my lord, to owe this to the mercy of my Prince. I entreat your grace to lay me with all humility at the King's feet, with the trueſt aſſurances that I have never, in any moment of my life, ſwerved from the duty and allegiance I owe to my Sovereign, and that

I im-

I implore, and in every thing ſubmit to, his Majeſty's clemency.

Your grace's noble manner of thinking, and the † obligations I have formerly received, which are ſtill freſh in my mind, will, I hope, give a full propriety to this addreſs, and I am ſure a heart glowing with the ſacred zeal of liberty, muſt have a favourable reception from the Duke of Grafton. I flatter myſelf that my conduct will juſtify your grace's interceding with a Prince, who is diſtinguiſhed by a compaſſionate tenderneſs and goodneſs to all his ſubjects.

I am, with the trueſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,

And moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

† Cicero, ſpeaking of Pompey, ſays, *Nos, ut oſtendit, admodum diligit, amplectitur, amat, aperte laudat: ſed---nihil come, nihil ſimplex, nihil* εν τοις πολιτικοις *honeſtum, nihil illuſtre, nihil forte, nihil liberum.*

# A Second Letter to the Duke of Grafton.

Vacare culpâ magnum eſt ſolatium; præſertim cum habeam duas res quibus me ſuſtentem, optimarum artium ſcientiam, et maximarum rerum gloriam, quarum altera mihi vivo nunquam eripietur, altera ne mortuo quidem.

CICERO.

Paris, Dec. 12, 1766.

MY LORD,

I AM not yet recovered from the aſtoniſhment into which I was thrown by your grace's *verbal* meſſage, in anſwer to my letter of the firſt of November. In a converſation I had with colonel Fitzroy at the Hôtel d'Eſpagne, he did me the honour of aſſuring me, that I ſhould find his brother my real and ſincere friend, extremely deſirous to concur in doing me juſtice, that he was to tell me this from your grace, but that many intereſting particulars relative to me could

not

not be communicated by letter, nor by the poſt. I fondly believed theſe obliging aſſurances, becauſe on a variety of occaſions your grace had teſtified a full approbation of my conduct, had thanked me in the moſt flattering terms, as the perſon the moſt uſeful to the common cauſe in which we were embarked †, and had ſhewn an uncommon zeal to ſerve a man who had ſuffered ſo much in the cauſe of liberty.

I returned to England with the gayeſt, and the moſt lively hopes. As ſoon as I arrived at London, I deſired my excellent friend, Mr. Fitzherbert, to wait on your grace with every profeſſion of regard on my part, and the reſolution I

† Mr. Wilkes might very well exclaim in the words of TULLY, *Non eſt credibile, quæ ſit perfidia in iſtis principibus, ut volunt eſſe, et ut eſſent, ſi quicquam haberent fidei; ſenſeram, noram, indutus, relictus, projectus ab iis: tamen hoc erat in animo, ut cum iis in Republicâ conſentirem.*

had

had taken of entirely ſubmitting the mode of the application I ſhould make to the throne for my pardon. I cannot expreſs the anxiety, which your grace's anſwer gave me, "Mr. Wilkes muſt "write to Lord Chatham." I then begged Mr. Fitzherbert to ſtate the reaſons, which made it impoſſible for me to follow that advice, from every principle of honour, both public and private. I ſhewed too the impropriety of ſupplicating a fellow-ſubject for mercy, the *prerogative* good Kings are the moſt jealous of, by far the brighteſt jewel in their crown, and the attribute by which they may the neareſt approach to the Divinity.

I afterwards wrote the letter to your grace, which I have ſeen in all the public prints. I never received any other anſwer than a *verbal* meſſage, "Mr. Wilkes muſt "write to Lord Chatham." I do nothing

" without Lord Chatham." When I found that my pardon was to be bought with the ſacrifice of my honour, I had the virtue not to heſitate. I ſpurned at the propoſal, and left my dear, native London, with a heart full of grief that my faireſt hopes were blaſted, of humiliation that I had given an eaſy faith to the promiſes of a miniſter and a courtier, and of aſtoniſhment that a nobleman of parts and diſcernment could continue in an infatuation, from which the conduct of lord Chatham had recovered every other man in the nation. He was indeed long the favourite character of our countrymen. Every tongue was wanton in his praiſe. The whole people laviſhed on him their choiceſt favours, and endeavoured by the nobleſt means, by an unbounded generoſity and confidence, to have kept him virtuous. With what anguiſh were we at

laſt

laſt undeceived? How much it coſt us to give up a man, who had ſo long entirely kept poſſeſſion of our hearts? How cruel was the ſtruggle? But alas! how is he changed? how fallen? from what height fallen? His glorious ſun is ſet, I believe never to riſe again.

We long hoped, my lord, that public virtue was the *guide* of his actions, and the love of our country his ruling paſſion, but he has fully ſhewn, *omnis vis, virtuſque in linguâ ſita eſt* †. Our hearts glowed with gratitude for the important ſervices he had done againſt the common enemy, and the voice of the nation hailed him our deliverer; but private ambition was all the while ſkulking behind the ſhield of the patriot, and at length in an evil hour made him quit the ſcene of all his glory, the only place in which he could be truly uſeful, for a retreat, where he

† Ad C. Cæſarem de Republica Ordinanda Epiſtola prima.

knew it was impoſſible the confidence of the people could follow, but where he might in inglorious eaſe bear his BLUSHING *honours thick upon him.*

I might now, my lord, expoſtulate with your grace on a *verbal* meſſage, and of ſuch a nature, in anſwer to a letter couched in the moſt decent and reſpectful terms, coming too from a late member of the legiſlature. I might regret, that the largeſt proffers of friendſhip and real ſervice could mean no more than two or three words of cold advice, that I ſhould apply to another. I might be tempted to think it a duty of office in the firſt lord of the Treaſury, to have ſubmitted to his Majeſty a petition relative to the exerciſe of the nobleſt act of regal power, which any conſtitution can give any ſovereign. Surely, my lord, my application to the firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury, who is always conſidered as the firſt Miniſter in England, was the very proper application.

As

As I had made no diſcovery of any new wonderful pill or drop, nor pretended to the ſecret of curing the gout or the tooth-ach, I never thought of ſoliciting lord Chatham *for a privy ſeal*. His lordſhip's office was neither important, nor reſponſible. I will not however enlarge on this, but I ſhall deſire your grace's permiſſion fully to ſtate what has happened to me as a private gentleman, relative to lord Chatham, becauſe I would not leave a doubt concerning the propriety of my conduct in a mind naturally ſo candid, and ſo capable of judging truly, as that of the *Duke of Grafton*.

I believe that the flinty heart of lord Chatham has known the ſweets of private friendſhip, and the fine feelings of humanity, as little as even lord Mansfield. They are both formed to be admired, not beloved. A proud, inſolent, overbearing, ambitious man is always full of the ideas of his own importance,

and vainly imagines himſelf ſuperior to the equality neceſſary among real friends in all the moments of true enjoyment. Friendſhip is too pure a pleaſure for a mind cankered with ambition, or the luſt of power and grandeur. Lord Chatham declared in Parliament the ſtrongeſt attachment to lord Temple, one of the greateſt characters our country could ever boaſt, and ſaid *he would live and die with his noble brother*. He has received obligations of the firſt magnitude from that *noble brother*, yet what trace of gratitude, or of friendſhip, was ever found in any part of his conduct? and has he not now declared the moſt open variance, and even hoſtility? I have had as warm and expreſs declarations of regard as could be made by this marble-hearted friend, and Mr. Pitt had no doubt his views in even feeding me with † flattery from time to time, on occaſions too where candour and indul-

† Vide Mr. Pitt's Letters in the ſecond volume.

gence

gence were all I could claim. He may remember the compliments he paid me on two certain poems in the year 1754. If I were to take the declarations made by himſelf and the late Mr. * Potter *à la lettre*, they were more charmed with thoſe verſes after the ninety ninth reading than after the firſt; ſo that from this circumſtance, as well as ſome of his ſpeeches in Parliament, it ſeems to be likewiſe true of the firſt orator, or rather the firſt comedian, of our age, *non diſplicuiſſe illi jocos, ſed non contigiſſe* †.

I will now ſubmit to your grace, if there was not ſomething peculiarly baſe and perfidious in Mr. Pitt's calling me a *blaſphemer of my God* for thoſe very verſes, at a time when I was abſent, and dangerouſly ill from an affair of honour.

* Vide Mr. Potter's Letters in the ſecond volume.

† Quintilian uſes this expreſſion, ſpeaking of Demoſthenes.

The charge too he knew was ‡ falſe, for the whole ridicule of thoſe two pieces was confined to certain myſteries, which formerly the *unplaced and unpenſioned* Mr. Pitt did not think himſelf obliged even to affect to believe. He added another charge equally unjuſt, that I was the *libeller of my king*, although he was ſenſible that I never wrote a ſingle line diſreſpectful to the ſacred perſon of my ſovereign, but had only attacked the deſpotiſm of his miniſters, with the ſpirit becoming a good ſubject and zealous friend of his country. The reaſon of this perfidy was plain. He was then beginning to pay homage to the Scottiſh idol, and I was the moſt acceptable ſacrifice he could offer at the ſhrine of BUTE. Hiſtory ſcarcely gives ſo remarkable a change.

‡ The verdict of the jury fully juſtified Mr. Wilkes from this ſcandalous charge of *blaſphemy* made by Mr. Pitt in the Houſe of Commons. Vide likewiſe the *Votes, Martis, 31° die Januarii*, 1769.

He

He was a few years ago the mad, ſeditious Tribune of the People, inſulting his Sovereign even in his capital city, now he is the abject, crouching deputy of the proud Scot, who, as he declared in Parliament, *wants wiſdom, and holds principles incompatible with freedom*; a moſt ridiculous character ſurely for a ſtateſman, and the ſubject of a free kingdom, but the very proper compoſition for a *favourite*. Was it poſſible for me after this to write a ſuppliant letter to lord Chatham? I am the firſt to pronounce myſelf moſt unworthy of a pardon, if I could have obtained it on thoſe terms.

Although I declare, my lord, that the conſcious pride of virtue makes me look down with contempt on a man, who could be guilty of this baſeneſs, who could in the lobby † declare that I muſt

† This declaration was made to George Onſlow, eſq; ſon of the late Speaker, and to other gentlemen. A curious letter of Mr. Onſlow, dated *Ember-Court, Sept.* 21, 1765, is in the ſecond volume.

be

be ſupported, and in the Houſe on the ſame day deſert and revile me, yet I will on every occaſion do juſtice to the miniſter. He has ſerved the public in all thoſe points, where the good of the nation coincided with his own private views; and in no other. I venerate the memory of the Secretary, and I think it an honour to myſelf that I ſteadily ſupported in Parliament an adminiſtration, the moſt ſucceſsful we ever had, and which carried the glory of the nation to the higheſt pitch in every part of the world. He found his country almoſt in deſpair. He raiſed the noble ſpirit of England, and ſtrained every nerve againſt our enemies. His plans, when in power, were always great, although in direct oppoſition to the declarations of his whole life, when out of power. The invincible bravery of the Britiſh troops gave ſucceſs even to the moſt raſh, the

moſt

moſt extravagant, the moſt deſperate of his projects. He ſaw early the hoſtile intentions of Spain, and if the celebrated *written advice*, which he gave, had been followed, a very few weeks had then probably cloſed the laſt general war; although the merit of that *advice* was more the merit of his *noble brother*, than his own. After the omnipotence of lord Bute in 1761 had forced Mr. Pitt to retire from his Majeſty's councils, and the cauſe was declared by himſelf to be our conduct relative to Spain, I had the happineſs of ſetting that affair in ſo clear and advantageous a light, that he expreſſed the moſt entire ſatisfaction, and particular obligations to my friendſhip. I do not however make this a claim of merit to Mr. Pitt. It was my duty, from the peculiar advantages of information I then had.

The conſtitution of our country has no obligations to him. He has left it with all it's

it's beauties, and all it's blemiſhes. He never once appeared in earneſt about any queſtion of liberty. He was the cauſe that in 1764 no point was gained for the public in the two great queſtions of *General Warrants*, and the *Seizure of Papers*. The curſed remains of the court of Star Chamber, the enormous power of the attorney-general, the ſole great judicial officer of the crown, who is *durante bene placito*, and not upon oath, who tramples on *Grand Juries*, and breaks down the firſt, the foremoſt barriers of liberty, continued during his adminiſtration the ſame as before. Every grievance, which was not rooted out by the glorious Revolution, and the later ſtruggles of our patriots, ſtill ſubſiſts in full force, notwithſtanding the abſolute power he exerciſed for ſeveral years over every department of the ſtate—But I have done with lord Chatham. I leave him to the poor conſolation of a place,

place, a penſion, and a peerage, for which he has ſold the confidence of a great nation. Pity ſhall find, and weep over him.

I am now, my lord, once more driven from the Romans to the gay, the polite† Athenians, but I ſhall endeavour to convince your grace that I am not totally loſt to my country, nor to myſelf, in this ſcene of elegant diſſipation, and that I do not waſte the time in unavailing complaints of my hard fate and the ingratitude of thoſe, whom I have ſerved with ſucceſs; for I ſhall very ſoon beg to call the public

† It is remarkable that *France* has generally been choſen as the *aſylum* of perſecuted merit or genius. One of their beſt authors ſays, *De tout tems, les Rois malheureux, et les hommes illuſtres, ont choiſi leur aſile en France, parce que de tout tems le François a eu la réputation d'être un peuple doux, humain et compatiſſant.* Sydney retired to France, and during the greateſt part of his exile choſe to live there, even under Lewis the Fourteenth, who had entirely deſtroyed the ſmall remains of liberty in that kingdom; but at laſt, duped by the inſidious promiſes of the Engliſh court, he returned to his native country, and died on a ſcaffold.

attention

attention to ſome points of national importance, and in the mean time I ſhall embrace this opportunity of doing myſelf juſtice againſt the calumnies, which a reſtleſs faction does not ceaſe to propagate.

The affair of the *General Warrant*, and the *Habeas Corpus*, is told very unfaithfully, and almoſt every particular relative to my being made a priſoner, and ſent to the Tower on the 30th of April 1763, has been injuriouſly miſrepreſented in ſeveral late publications. I ſhall therefore ſtate the tranſactions of that memorable day, and I appeal to the minutes taken at the time for the accuracy of this relation.

On my return from the city early that morning, I met at the end of Great George-ſtreet one of the King's meſſengers. He told me that he had a *warrant* to apprehend me, which he muſt execute immediately,

immediately, and I muſt attend him to lord Halifax's. I deſired to ſee the *warrant*. He ſaid it was *againſt the authors, printers, and publiſhers of the North Briton, No.* 45, and that his verbal orders were *to arreſt Mr. Wilkes*. I told him the *warrant* did not reſpect me. I adviſed him to be very civil, and to uſe no violence in the ſtreet, for if he attempted force, I would put him to death in the inſtant, but if he would come quietly to my houſe, I would convince him of the illegality of the *warrant*, and the injuſtice of the orders he had received. He choſe to accompany me home, and then produced the *General Warrant*. I declared that ſuch a *warrant* was abſolutely illegal and void in itſelf, that it was a ridiculous *warrant* againſt the whole Engliſh nation, and I aſked why he would ſerve it on me rather than on the Lord Chancellor,

either

either of the secretaries of state, lord Bute, or lord Gorke, my next door neighbour. The answer was, *I am to arrest Mr. Wilkes.* About an hour afterwards two other messengers arrived, and several of their assistants. They all endeavoured in vain to persuade me to accompany them to lord Halifax's. I had likewise many civil messages from his lordship to desire my attendance. My only answer was, that I had not the honour of visiting his lordship, and this first application was rather rude and ungentleman-like.

While some of the messengers and their assistants were with me, Mr. Churchill came into the room. I had heard that their *verbal* orders were likewise to apprehend him, but I suspected they did not know his person, and by presence of mind I had the happiness of saving my friend. As soon as Mr. Churchill entered the room, I accosted him, "Good

"morrow,

" morrow, Mr. Thomſon. How does Mrs. " Thomſon do to-day? Does ſhe dine in " the country?" Mr. Churchill thanked me, ſaid ſhe then waited for him, that he only came for a moment to aſk me how I did, and almoſt directly took his leave. He went home immediately, ſecured all his papers, and retired into the country. The meſſengers could never get intelligence where he was. The following week he came to town, and was preſent both the days of hearing at the court of Common Pleas.

The whole morning paſſed in meſſages between lord Halifax and me. The buſineſs of the meſſengers being ſoon publicly known, ſeveral of my friends came to me on ſo extraordinary an event. I deſired two or three of them to go to the court of *Common Pleas*, to make affidavit of my being a priſoner in my own houſe under an illegal *warrant*,

and to demand the *Habeas Corpus*. The Chief Juſtice gave orders that it ſhould iſſue immediately.

A conſtable came afterwards with ſeveral aſſiſtants of the meſſengers. I repeatedly inſiſted on their all leaving me, and declared I would not ſuffer any one of them to continue in the room againſt my conſent, for I knew and would ſupport the rights of an Engliſhman in the ſanctuary of his own houſe. I was then threatened with immediate violence, and a regiment of the guards, if neceſſary. I ſoon found all reſiſtance would be vain. The conſtable demanded my ſword, and inſiſted on my immediately attending the meſſengers to lord Halifax's. I replied, that if they were not aſſaſſins, they ſhould firſt give me their names in writing. They complied with this, and thirteen ſet their hands to the paper. I then got into my own chair, and proceeded

ceeded to lord Halifax's, guarded by the meſſengers and their aſſiſtants.

I was conducted into a great apartment fronting the Park, where lord Halifax and lord Egremont, the two ſecretaries of ſtate, were ſitting at a table covered with paper, pens, and ink. The under-ſecretaries ſtood near their lordſhips. Mr. Lovel Stanhope, the law-clerk, and Mr. Philip Carteret Webb, the ſolicitor of the treaſury, were the only perſons beſides who attended. Lord Egremont received me with a ſupercilious, inſolent air; lord Halifax with great politeneſs. I was deſired to take the chair near their lordſhips, which I did. Lord Halifax then began, "that he was really concerned that "he had been neceſſitated to proceed "in that manner againſt me, that it "was exceedingly to be regreted that "a gentleman of my rank and abilities

" could engage againſt the King, and
" his Majeſty's government." I replied,
" that his lordſhip could not be more
" miſtaken, for the King had not a ſub-
" ject more zealouſly attached to his per-
" ſon and government than myſelf, that
" I had all my life been a warm friend
" of the Houſe of Brunſwick and the
" Proteſtant Succeſſion, that while I
" made the trueſt profeſſions of duty
" to the King, I was equally free to de-
" clare in the ſame moment, that I be-
" lieved no Prince had ever the misfor-
" tune of being ſerved by ſuch ignorant,
" inſolent, and deſpotic miniſters, of
" which my being there was a freſh,
" glaring proof, for I was brought be-
" fore their lordſhips by force under a
" *General Warrant*, which named no
" body, in violation of the laws of my
" country, and of the privileges of Par-
" liament, that I begged both their lord-

" ſhips to remember my preſent declara-
" tion, that on the very firſt day of the
" enſuing ſeſſion of Parliament, I would
" ſtand up in my place and impeach them
" for the outrage they had committed in
" my perſon againſt the liberties of the
" people." Lord Halifax anſwered,
" that nothing had been done, but by
" the advice of the beſt lawyers, and
" that it was now his duty to examine
" me." He had in his hand a long liſt of queſtions, regularly numbered. He began, " Mr. Wilkes, do you know † Mr.
" Kearſly? When did you ſee him?
" &c, &c." I replied, " that I ſuſpected
" there was a vain hope my anſwer would
" tend rather to what his lordſhip wiſhed
" to know, that he ſeemed to be loſt in
" a dark and intricate path, and really
" wanted much light to guide him through
" it, but that I could aſſure his lordſhip

† The publiſher of the North Briton, No. XLV.

" not a ſingle ray ſhould come from me." Lord Halifax returned to the charge, " Mr. Wilkes, do you know Mr. " Kearſly? &c, &c." I ſaid, " That this " was a curioſity on his lordſhip's part, " which however laudable in the ſecre- " tary, I did not find myſelf diſpoſed to " gratify, and that at the end of my " examination all the quires of paper on " their lordſhips' table ſhould be as " milk white as at the beginning." Lord Halifax then " deſired to remind me of " my being their priſoner, and of their " right to examine me." I anſwered, " that I ſhould imagine their lordſhips' " time was too precious to be trifled " away in that manner, that they might " have ſeen before I would never ſay one " word they deſired to know;" and I added, " Indeed, my lords, I am not " made of ſuch ſlight, flimſy ſtuff;" then turning to lord Egremont, I ſaid, " Could you employ tortures, I would

" never

" never utter a word unbecoming my " honour, or affecting the ſacred confi- " dence of any friend. God has given " me firmneſs and fidelity. You triſle " away your time moſt egregiouſly, my " lords." Lord Halifax then " adviſed " me to weigh well the conſequences of " my conduct, and the advantages to " myſelf of a generous, frank confeſ- " ſion." I lamented " the proſtitution " of the word, *generous*, to what I " ſhould conſider as an act of the utmoſt " treachery, cowardice, and wicked- " neſs." His lordſhip then aſked me, " If I choſe to be a priſoner in " my own houſe, at the Tower, or in " Newgate, for he was diſpoſed to oblige " me." I gave his lordſhip my thanks, but " I deſired to remark, that I never " received an obligation, but from a " friend, that I demanded juſtice, and " my immediate liberty, as an Engliſh- " man, who had not offended the laws

" of his country; that as to the reſt, it
" was beneath my attention, the odious
" idea of reſtraint was the ſame odious
" idea every where; that I would go
" where I pleaſed, and if I was reſtrained
" by a ſuperior force, I muſt yield to the
" violence, but would never give colour
" to it by a ſhamefull compromiſe; that
" every thing was indifferent to me in
" compariſon of my honour and my li-
" berty; that I made my appeal to the
" laws, and had already by my friends
" applied to the *Court of Common Pleas*
" for the *Habeas Corpus*, which the Chief
" Juſtice had actually ordered to be iſ-
" ſued, and that I hoped to owe my
" diſcharge ſolely to my innocence, and
" to the vigour of the law in a free
" country." Lord Halifax then told me,
" that I ſhould be ſent to the * Tower,

* Nor *ſtony tower*, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor *airleſs dungeon*, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit.
SHAKESPEARE.

" where

"where I ſhould be treated in a manner
"ſuitable to my rank, and that he hoped
"the Meſſengers had behaved well to
"me." I acknowledged "that they had
"behaved with humanity, and even civi-
"lity to me, notwithſtanding the ruffian
"orders given them by his lordſhip's
"colleague." I then again turned to lord Egremont, and ſaid, "Your lord-
"ſhip's verbal orders were to drag me
"out of my bed at midnight. The firſt
"man, who had entered my bedcham-
"ber by force, I ſhould have laid dead
"on the ſpot. Probably I ſhould have
"fallen in the ſkirmiſh with the others.
"I thank God, not your lordſhip, that
"ſuch a ſcene of blood has been avoided.
"Your lordſhip is very ready to iſſue
"orders, which you have neither the
"courage to ſign, nor I believe to
"juſtify." No reply was made to this. The converſation dropped. Lord Hali-

fax

fax retired into another apartment. Lord Egremont continued ſullen and ſilent about a quarter of an hour. I then made a few remarks on ſome capital pictures, which were in the room, and his lordſhip left me alone.

I was afterwards conducted into another apartment. I found there ſeveral of my friends, in argument with the moſt infamous of all the tools of that adminiſtration, Mr. Philip Carteret Webb. He confirmed to me, that I was to be carried to the Tower, and "wiſhed to know if I had any favours "to aſk." I replied, "that I was uſed "to confer, not to receive, favours, that "I was ſuperior to the receiving any, "even from his maſters, that all I would "ſay to him was, if my valet de chambre was allowed to attend me in the "Tower, I ſhould be ſhaved and have a "clean ſhirt; if he was not, I ſhould have "a long beard, and dirty linen." Mr. Webb

Webb ſaid, "that orders would be given "for his admiſſion at the Tower." I complained of the ſhameful evaſion of the *Habeas Corpus*, in ſending me to the Tower, though the orders of the Chief Juſtice Pratt were known. Mr. Webb made no reply to this. He came to viſit me at the Tower in the beginning of my impriſonment, when I had not the permiſſion to ſee any friend. I deſired him almoſt at his firſt entrance to take his leave; "for if I was not allowed "to ſee thoſe I loved, I would not ſee "thoſe I deſpiſed."

While I continued in the Tower, I was preſſed to offer bail in order to regain my liberty, and two of the firſt nobility deſired to be my ſecurities in the ſum of 100,000 l. each. I was exceedingly grateful for the offer, but would not accept it. I obſerved, that neither my health, nor my ſpirits, were affected, that I would by great temperance and abſtinence endeavour to compenſate

penſate the want of air and exerciſe, but if my health ſuffered in a dangerous way, I would then accept ſuch generous offers, for I hoped to live that ſo noble a cauſe might be brought to a glorious iſſue for the liberties of my country. From the beginning of this arduous buſineſs, I would not on any occaſion give bail, by which I never involved any friend, and remained the perfect maſter of my own conduct.

I ſhall now, my lord, proceed to do myſelf juſtice againſt a calumny of Sir John Cuſt, a perſon of the meaneſt natural parts, and infinitely beneath all regard, except from the office he bears, with the utmoſt diſcredit to himſelf, with equal diſgrace and inſufficiency to the public. I find in the twenty-ninth volume of the Journals of the Houſe of Commons, juſt publiſhed, page 721. " Jovis 19° die Januarii, 1764, " Mr. Speaker acquainted the Houſe, that

" he,

" he, upon Tueſday laſt, received a letter
" by the general poſt from Mr. Wilkes,
" dated Paris the 11th inſtant, incloſing
" a paper in the French language, pur-
" porting to be a certificate of one of
" the French king's phyſicians, and of a
" ſurgeon of the ſaid king's army, re-
" lating to the ſtate of Mr. Wilkes's
" health, ſubſcribed with two names,
" but not authenticated before a notary
" public, nor the ſignature thereof veri-
" fied in any manner whatſoever." Then follow the *letter* and *certificate*. The inſinuation is too plain to be overlooked, too falſe to be forgiven. The ſignature was verified by my letter. It is certain that the certificate was in all the *uſual* forms, yet though the affair was determined with reſpect to me, and I was indecently expelled the *Houſe of Commons* on the ſame day, without any time being allowed for other proof, a regard to truth, and my own honour, made me give the

moſt

moſt compleat anſwer to this wretched ſubterfuge of the abandoned *Majority*. I ſent a ſecond certificate in the *unuſual* form they had preſcribed themſelves, atteſted by two notaries, and confirmed by the Engliſh ambaſſador. I wrote likewiſe again to the Speaker on the 5th of February following, but neither the ſecond letter, certificate, or atteſtation, is to be found in the Journals, as they ought in juſtice to my character. I have however, my lord, taken care that they ſhould be publiſhed, for in a free government like our's I will endeavour through my life to emulate the ſpirit of antient Rome, *provoco ad populum*; and while the people do not condemn me, I *may* perhaps in this, I *ſhall* moſt certainly in every ſucceeding age, riſe ſuperior to any party cabal, or court faction. This ſtep covered my enemies with confuſion, but was of no farther ſervice to me. The party

war

war againſt me ceaſed of courſe in the *Houſe of Commons*, but flamed with equal fury in *Weſtminſter Hall*, and was attended with every circumſtance of revenge and cruelty, which the ingenious wit of a Mansfield could deviſe to gratify the malice of a bad heart.

In the ſame volume of the Journals, page 723, I find that I am voted *guilty of* WRITING *and* PUBLISHING *the paper, intituled* "The North Briton, No. 45," and that ſeveral witneſſes were examined as to thoſe two facts. There is not however in the Journals a ſingle word of the evidence they gave, and it is well known that not one of them did, or could, ſay any thing relative to the *authorſhip*. The evidence of the *publication* was exceedingly ſlight, but the willingneſs of the judges made ample amends for the deficiency of the witneſſes, who were not upon oath. The adminiſtration did not chuſe to riſk either of theſe charges againſt me even in the court

court of King's Bench, and I was only tried for a *re-publication*. I will never bluſh at the imputation of being the *author* of that paper, becauſe I know that truth is reſpected in every line. One circumſtance will ſoon fully appear to the indignant public. I mean the large † debt on the Civil Liſt, contracted chiefly by the ſcandalous purchaſe of a parliamentary approbation of the late ignominious *peace*, the arbitrary *exciſe*, and other ruinous meaſures of the Scottiſh miniſter. But I leave the affair of the Civil Liſt to a future exact diſcuſſion.

The laſt calumny, my lord, which I ſhall diſprove, reſpects the actions at law againſt lord Halifax. It is ſaid that I have neglected, or purpoſely diſcontinued them, ſince my exile. The imputation is totally groundleſs. I was ſo ill at Paris in the begining of the year 1764,

† Above half a million was voted on this account in March 1769, and a direct refuſal made to enquire into the cauſes of the Civil Liſt debt.

that

that it was impoſſible for me then to return to England alive, but I gave the moſt expreſs orders that the law proceedings ſhould be carried on with vigour, and in fact there was not a moment's delay. When my wound began to heal in the ſpring, I was diſſuaded by all my friends from returning to a country, where the ſame adminiſtration, which had illegally ſeized my perſon, plundered my houſe, corrupted the fidelity of my ſervants, and by the wicked arts of an arbitrary judge, who cauſed the *records to be falſified*, had juſt obtained two verdicts againſt me, were ſtill in full power. I yielded to theſe reaſons, becauſe * *propter eorum*

* Theſe words the great Roman orator uſes concerning his own unfortunate condition. After his return to England, Mr. Wilkes might have applied to himſelf the reſt of the paſſage, *in reditu meo nihilo meliores res domeſticas, quàm rempublicam offendiſſem—novarum me neceſſitudinum fidelitate contra veterum perfidiam muniendum putavi.* The experience of every man, who has drunk deep of the bitter cup of adverſity, has been, I believe, much the ſame in all ages. The treachery of the great, and the baſeneſs of the degenerate herd of ſelfiſh and intereſted friends, fill moſt of our books. The world has never been without the *Clodius* and the *Grafton*, no more than the *ſerpent* and the *viper*.

*ſcelus, nihil mihi intra meos parietes tutum, nihil inſidiis vacuum viderem.* Lord Halifax for near two years availed himſelf of every advantage, which privilege and the chicane of law could furniſh. He never entered any appearance to a court of juſtice, and the Common Pleas had, as far as they could, puniſhed ſuch an open contempt, ſuch a daring proof that adminiſtration would not ſubmit to the *law of the land*, and had endeavoured to compel his lordſhip to appear. Towards the end of 1764 I was *outlawed.** The proceedings continued againſt his lordſhip till that hour. He then appeared, and his ſingle plea was, that as an *outlaw*, I could not hold any action. No other defence was made againſt the heinous

* This *outlawry* was not declared illegal till June 1768. When Mr. Wilkes received abroad the news of his being *outlawed*, he was not dejected, but gave immediate orders to attempt the reverſal of all the proceedings, and concluded in the words of Tully, *Perficiam profectò, ut me non modò non ſegregandum, cùm ſim civis, à numero civium, verum etiam ſi non eſſem, putetis aſciſcendum fuiſſe.*

charge

charge of having in my perſon violated the rights of the people.

I felt this, my lord, as the moſt cruel ſtroke, which fortune had given me. Juſtice had at length overtaken many of the inferior criminals, but my *outlawry* prevented my puniſhing the great, the capital offender, when after all his ſubterfuges he was almoſt within my reach. I pleaſe myſelf however with the reflexion that no miniſter has ſince dared to iſſue a *General Warrant*, nor to ſign an order for the *Seizure of Papers*. In the one the perſonal liberty of every ſubject is immediately concerned. On the other may depend not only his own ſafety and property, but what will come ſtill more home to a man of honour, the ſecurity, the happineſs of thoſe, with whom he is moſt intimately connected, their fortunes, their future views, perhaps ſecrets, the diſcovery of which would drive the coldeſt ſtoic to deſpair, their

very exiſtence poſſibly, all that is important in the public walk of life, all that is dear and ſacred in friendſhip and in love. I was the *laſt* oppreſſed, but I was the *firſt* man, who had the courage to carry through a juſt reſiſtance to theſe acts of deſpotiſm. The opinions of our ſovereign courts of juſtice are now known and eſtabliſhed. I rejoice that ſeveral others, who ſuffered * before me, have made their appeal to the laws, and obtained redreſs. I hope the iron rod of miniſterial oppreſſion is at length broken, and that I am the laſt victim of violence and cruelty. I ſhall not then regret all the ſacrifices I have made, and my mind ſhall feaſt itſelf with the recollection in the unjuſt exile I am doomed to ſuffer from my friends and my native land.

* The reverend Mr. John Entick, Mr. Arthur Beardmore, and others, were apprehended on account of the Monitor in 1762, but did not bring their actions againſt the Secretaries of State, or the Meſſengers, till 1764.

I will

I will now, my lord, only add, however unfaſhionable ſuch a declaration may be, that conſiſtency ſhall never depart from my character, that to the laſt moment I will preſerve the ſame fixed and unconquerable hatred to the enemies of our happy iſland, the ſame warm attachment to the friends and the cauſe of liberty, that I keep a ſteady and a longing eye on England, that my endeavours for the good and ſervice of my country by every method left me ſhall have a period only with my life, and that although I do not mean to lay any future claim to your grace's favour, I will take care to ſecure your eſteem. I am, my Lord,

your grace's moſt obedient,

and very humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

*Gratias tibi*, Deus *optume, maxume, cujus nutu et imperio nata eſt et aucta* res Anglicana, *lubens lætuſque ago*, libertate publicâ *in hanc diem et horam, per manus, quod voluiſti, meas, ſervatâ, eandem et in æternum ſerva, fove, protege propitiate, ſupplex oro.*

St. James's Chronicle of May 26, 1767.

## To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I Give you joy of your correſpondent from *Woodford*, whoſe letter I read in your Chronicle of Thurſday May 7. He is the moſt wonderful modeſt creature I have heard of, for he pretends to underſtand *Latin* better than the old Romans, and calls Paulus Æmilius, Scipio Africanus, Marcus Porcius Cato, &c, &c. to account for blunders in their mother tongue, and on the moſt deliberate, ſolemn occaſions.

He ſays, " As Mr. Wilkes has given us a Latin prayer after the concluſion of his letter to a truly great and noble perſonage; permit me amongſt other inelegancies in it, which I paſs over, to correct a piece of falſe Latin: The two laſt Lines are, *Eandem & in aeternum ſerva, fove, protege propitiate, ſupplex oro.*

" The

"The classic writers always use the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut—Eandem & in æternum, serves, foveas, protegas, &c. supplex oro.* 'Tis a pity this gentleman *had not spared himself the trouble of this Latin composition.*"

Now, Sir, it is a little unlucky for your correspondent that *he did spare himself the trouble of this Latin composition*, for it is two thousand years old. It is the exact *formula* of the Roman generals when they triumphed, on their mounting the triumphal car, and entering afterwards the temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* at the Capitol. No alteration is made in the form, except *res Anglicana* for *res Romana*, and the turn to Liberty, a Goddess, to whom his devotion ought to be sincere, from the great sacrifices he has made at her altar. I scorn, sir, to put the sacred classic page into the profane hands of your correspondent. I would not give my champaign to a

Dane or a Dutchman. I will treat him only with muddy porter from two fellows as dull as himſelf, but much more exact. He may find in *Blondi Flavii Forlivienſis de Roma triumphante Libri decem*, *Baſiliæ*, 1531, Folio, p. 214, *and* 216, a curious detail of every thing relative to the Roman triumph, from the beſt authors of antiquity. I refer him likewiſe to *Joachimi Johannis Maderi Notæ in Onuphrii Panuvini de Triumpho Commentarium*, *Patavii*, 1681, folio, page 139, and 143. He will ſee in both the moſt entire juſtification of the Latin prayer, and of every ſingle word uſed; *ſervate*, *fovete*, *protegete propitiati*, *ſupplex oro*, only in the plural, from the plurality of Gods in the heathen creed.

Who can tell, ſir, but it was a tenderneſs for ſome modern courtiers, and apoſtate patriots, made him give a prayer for public liberty in Latin, although indeed the Roman language is too free and too manly for any, but freemen?

Your correſpondent goes on, "The claſſic writers always uſe the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut*." The aſſertion is not true. They ſometimes uſe the imperative mood, and the ſubjunctive often after *oro* without the *ut*. Two inſtances of this are ſufficient from writers of ſuch eſtabliſhed authority as *Virgil* and *Plautus*. In the very firſt book of the *Æneid* we find

ORAMUS PROHIBE *infandos à navibus ignes.*

Had the happy tranſlation of *Plautus*, juſt publiſhed by Mr. Thornton, given your correſpondent the curioſity of conſulting the original, two things would have followed. He would have admired the learning and genius of Mr. Thornton, and he would have found in the very firſt ſcene of the firſt act of the firſt play, Amphitryon,

*Velatis manibus* ORANT IGNOSCAMUS *peccatum ſuum,*

without the *ut* expreſſed. Mr. Thornton obſerves on this paſſage, that "for *purity* and conciſeneſs of expreſſion, exquiſite painting, &c, this narrative might

not

not perhaps have appeared *outrée* or miſbecoming in a Livy or a Lucan."

The truth is, that the imperative or ſubjunctive mood may be uſed indifferently with *oro*, and the ſubjunctive with or without the *ut*, according to the turn of the phraſe. The ſame variety is in our own language. In Engliſh we might ſay equally well, *Remove, we humbly beſeech you, moſt gracious ſovereign, from your preſence and councils for ever, John earl of Bute, and all the people ſhall rejoice*; or, *We humbly beſeech you, moſt gracious ſovereign, that you would pleaſe to remove*, or ſtill more ſimply, *We humbly beſeech you, moſt gracious ſovereign, to remove, from your preſence and councils for ever, John earl of Bute, and all the people ſhall rejoice.* Both are good. *Grant this our petition, we humbly beſeech thee, oh! Lord, from thy great goodneſs to this poor people*; or, *We humbly beſeech thee, oh! Lord, that thou wouldſt grant*, or *to*

*grant*

*grant this our petition, from thy great goodneſs to this poor people.* Give me leave to mention one more inſtance, to which I am led by the former. *Slay me rather, oh! my God, than make me a William Pitt, earl of Chatham, I pray thee*; or, *I pray thee rather, oh! my God, that thou wouldſt ſlay me*, or *to ſlay me, than to make me a William Pitt, earl of Chatham.*

The poſitiveneſs of your correſpondent is rather diſguſting, but if he has any grace left, he will now aſk pardon of the manes of the great Romans for having charged them with inelegancies and falſe Latin. I almoſt ſuſpect that he is a mere ſchool-boy gone to *Woodford* for the Eaſter holydays. He may continue there, for I ſcarcely think it worth his parents while to ſend him to *Oxford*. He is not yet ſufficiently advanced even in ſchool-learning, nor indeed in any way promiſing enough.

He is "ſorry to ſee this champion of liberty, Mr. Wilkes, fall into one of the

the errors of the popiſh church, the praying in an *unknown tongue.*" *Latin* I muſt own ſeems an *unknown tongue* to your correſpondent; but I believe there is ſome little difference between the *latinity* of this prayer, and that of the vulgate bible, or the maſs-book. It would be eaſier perhaps to prove Mr. Wilkes a good Roman, than a good Roman catholic.

He " begins to fear Mr. Wilkes's religion is in danger from his reſiding in France." Is it his fault that he continues in France? I know how much he longs, and how deeply he feels for England. *Patriam eluxit jam graviùs et diutius quàm ulla mater unicum filium.* I wiſh he was at home again, and the bitter enemy of his country and himſelf abroad. I hope it will not be forgot that the *Marquis of * Squillace is now in Italy.* I do not

* The king of Spain had been prevailed upon to diſmiſs that Miniſter, as generally odious to his people, and the Marquis was then in Italy, but lord Bute ſtill continued at St. James's.

think

think France is a country of much religion. The French do not trouble themſelves greatly about making proſelytes. They are rather employed in the way, which the prophet Jeremiah mentions, chap. V. verſe 8. "They were as fed "horſes in the morning, every one "neighed after his neighbour's wife." I have no fears for his religion, for I know him and *Paris*, where he generally reſides. No *faith* remains there, but

Th' enormous *faith* of many made for one,

if I may be allowed to quote that Engliſh *papiſt*, Pope, vol. III. page 96. Warburton's octavo edition. I hope THAT *faith* will never again be the *court creed* in England, as it was too long under the northern race of the Stuarts. I pawn my honour that Mr. Wilkes will never believe it. He leaves it to thoſe wretches, who, under the Brunſwick line, endeavour to revive doctrines which drove out the Tarquins.

I ob.

I obſerved, ſir, a moſt curious poſtſcript to the letter from Woodford.

N. B. "The king prays in Engliſh."

The language is not material. God underſtands all languages. It is important that the ſpirit of the prayer ſhould be for the welfare of his people, and the preſervation of public liberty. It intereſts us all ſtill more that the practice of the ſovereign ſhould be uniform to thoſe two great objects. By ſuch a ſteady and firm conduct only, the name of *George the Third* will become ſacred to all poſterity with that of our heroic deliverer, *William the Third*, and the amiable monarch now on the throne will approve himſelf the

Great Friend of Liberty; in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame.
POPE, vol. iv. p. 147.

I am, Sir, your's,
Et potus, et exlex ‡.

‡ Hor. Ars Poetica.

## A Letter from Mr. Andrew Baxter, author of MATHO, *An Enquiry into the nature of the human ſoul*, &c. †.

My deareſt Mr. Wilkes,

YOUR letter of December the 12th alarmed me, by hearing you had got ſuch a dangerous fall off your horſe. Moderate exerciſe is good, but dangerous exerciſe, ſuch as riding a fiery horſe, is not commendable; and if you would oblige Mrs. Wilkes, if you would oblige all your friends, and all good men, who conceive great hopes from you, you will be more cautious for the future. We had a terrible inſtance in the newspapers lately of a man ſpoke wonderfully well of, who got his death by ſuch a fall.—As to altering any thing in the

† A falſe and imperfect copy of this letter was printed in a Scots Magazine.

addreſs

addreſs to you before the *Appendix* ‡, I durſt not do it without your participation, unleſs you had ſuggeſted ſomething you

‡ In another letter he ſays, " I have employed my time " of late in conſidering the difference, or controverſy, be- " tween the Engliſh and foreign philoſophers concerning the " force of bodies moving in free ſpaces, which in it's conſe- " quences ſpreads far and wide through natural philoſophy. " I have ſhewn demonſtratively that the experiments brought " by the foreign philoſophers to eſtabliſh their new theory, " are applicable entirely to the Engliſh computation, which " they beautifully confirm and illuſtrate, and that theſe " learned gentlemen have quite miſtaken them. We talked " much of this you may remember in the *Capuchin's garden* " *at Spa*. I have finiſhed the *prima cura* of it in the dia- " logue way: I deſign to inſcribe it to my dear John Wilkes, " whom, under a borrowed name, I have made one of the " interlocutors. If you are againſt this whim (which a paſ- " ſionate love to you has brought me to bed of) I will " drop it.

" In the mean time I ſhall publiſh an *Appendix* to the " *Enquiry*, which you muſt give me leave to inſcribe to you " in the following manner. *Sir, the ſubject of our conver-* " *ſation in the* Capuchin's garden at Spa *in the ſummer of* " 1745, *lies ſtill by me in the dreſs it was put in. I have* " *not leiſure at preſent to prepare it for the public view. In* " *the interim I ſend you the following ſheets, as a token of my* " *ſincere reſpect. It is a pleaſure to think on the time we ſpent* " *ſo agreeably together. I am*, &c."

The *Appendix* was afterwards publiſhed with the above dedication.

would

would have had changed; and by this time I ſuppoſe it is publiſhed. If not, I beg you cauſe change any thing you think proper. I wrote to Mr: Millar, after preſenting ſome copies to gentlemen in London, to ſend down five copies of it to lord Blantyre at Edinburgh, to be given to particular friends there, and I wiſh you would ſpeak to him of it—As to the ſtate of my diſeaſe, unleſs I would make ſuppoſitions contrary to all probability, I have no reaſonable hopes of recovery, the ſwelling which began at my legs, being now got up to my belly and head. I am a trouble to all about me, eſpecially to my poor wife, who has the life of a ſlave night and day, in helping me to take care of a diſeaſed carcaſs. Yet I may linger on a while, as I can ſtill walk a little through the room, and divert myſelf now and then with reading, nay, and writing down my re-

marks on what I read. But I can with ſincerity aſſure you (my moſt dear Mr. Wilkes) death has nothing terrible to me; or rather I look upon it with pleaſure. I have long and often conſidered, and written down, the advantages of a ſeparate ſtate. I ſhall ſoon know more than all the men I leave behind me; wonders in material nature and the world of ſpirits, which never entered into the thoughts of philoſophers. The end of knowledge *there* is not to get a name, or form a new ſect, but to adore the power and wiſdom of the Deity. This kills pride, but heightens happineſs and pleaſure. All our rational deſires, becauſe rational, muſt be ſatisfied by a being himſelf infinitely rational. I have been long aware that nothing can go beyond the grave but the habits of virtue and innocence. There is no diſtinction in that world, but what proceeds from

virtue

virtue or vice. Titles and riches are laid off, when the ſhroud goes on. But oh! my deareſt friend, I cannot conceal from you a topic of inexpreſſible pleaſure. Puniſhment itſelf is pleaſant. God does not puniſh out of anger and revenge, to deſtroy, as we wrathful men conclude, but to correct and make better. That is the true end of puniſhment. Boundleſs puniſhment would ſhew incontroulable power, but chaſtiſement in proportion to our faults, ſhews the divine perfection of *Equity*, and with a deſign to correct, not to throw us off, ſhews mercy. The end of God's puniſhing us therefore is our final happineſs. Are not theſe comfortable topics at the approach of death?—Beſides, what is it to be free from the pains and infirmities of the body? Though I am ſatisfied juſt now that the weakneſs of my diſtreſſed limbs is as much the immediate

effect of the ſame power and goodneſs, as their growth and ſtrength was ſixty years ago. Dare I add a word without being thought vain? This is owing to my having reaſoned honeſtly on the nature of that dead ſubſtance *matter*. It is as utterly inert when the tree flouriſhes, as when the leaf withers. And it is the ſame divine power differently applied, that directs the laſt parting throb, and the firſt drawing breath. O the blindneſs of thoſe who think matter can do any thing of itſelf, or perform an effect without impulſe and direction by immaterial power!—As to party-philoſophers who are for one ſide only, and contract a perſonal diſlike to thoſe who are not as ſtiff, they are to be pitied. I ſee them making their court to the heads of the party, and thus angling for a little reputation, at ſecond hand It is aſtoniſhing, my dear ſir, that all men are

forced

forced to own, that *all matter neceſſarily reſiſts a change of it's preſent ſtate, either of reſt or motion*; and yet when they come to the genuine conſequence of this, to wit, that the Deity performs immediately all that is done in the material univerſe, they retract the former ſelf-evident truth, and aſcribe to this *reſiſting ſubſtance*, both a ſelf motive, and ſelf determining power. I know not one book of natural philoſophy, not one, free from this inconſiſtency. And though I be the only perſon, (for any thing I know) who has endeavoured to eſtabliſh the particular Providence of the Deity, and ſhew his inceſſant influence and action on all the parts of matter, through the wide univerſe, from the inactivity of this dead ſubſtance: yet I hope when the preſent party-zeal ſubſides a little, men will come more eaſily in to own ſuch a plain truth. And from the ſame obvious principle a great many ab-

ſurd notions in natural philoſophy, concerning *powers in matter*, will be rejected —I own, if it had been the will of heaven, I would have gladly lived, till I had put in order the ſecond part of the *Enquiry*, ſhewing the Immortality of the human ſoul: But infinite wiſdom cannot be miſtaken in calling me ſooner. *Our blindneſs makes us form wiſhes.* I have left ſeven or eight different manuſcript books, where all the materials I have been collecting for near thirty years are put down without any order, in the book that came next to hand, in the place or circumſtances I was in at the time. I took all theſe papers to Holland with me, thinking to put them in order there; but you know that was impracticable. And ſince I came home, I have been prevented, either with looking after country affairs, or want of health. There are a great many miſcellaneous ſubjects in philoſophy,

philoſophy, of a very ſerious nature, few of them ever conſidered before as I know of; but (as I have hinted above) a ſhort time of *ſeparate exiſtence* will make every good man look with pity on the deepeſt reſearches we make here, and which we are apt to be vain of.—Thus I have writ you every thing I had to ſay. It will be kind if you ſend me a laſt letter. I wiſh you and Mrs. Wilkes all poſſible proſperity. And though I cannot do you any ſervice here, yet I hope our friendſhip ſhall never end.

AND. BAXTER.

Whittingham. Jan. 29. 1750.

## Letters of Dr. Brewſter, author of an excellent tranſlation of Perſius.

Bath, May 20.

DEAR SIR,

YOU find me for once ſomewhat in the caſe of a fair young virgin, hardly able to withſtand your ſolicitations, they are ſo warm and engaging, and yet afraid to comply with them, though pleaſure muſt be the certain conſequence. But the fair ones I believe you have always found at laſt conſenting; and as they are moſt admirable precedents, ſo I follow their example. It is true, I ought to be aſhamed of not complying without reluctance; (in that point indeed the young ladies and I a little differ) but you know the unhappy cauſe—ſome time next week then, I ſhall endeavour to wait on you at Ayleſbury.

I ſcarce

I ſcarce know a man in the world, whom I would go farther to ſee, or to whom I would ſooner dedicate my time and myſelf. You need not, for my temptation, in the account you give me of the wonderful verdure of the rich vale of Ayleſbury, and the fragrance of your bean-fields in full bloſſom, have deſcribed Arabia Felix, for I could readily have waited on you in the very deſarts.

Dr. * * * is the only one whom I know among the faculty, that compoſes tragedy. His brethren content themſelves with barely furniſhing ſubjects for it, widows and orphans.

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful, and obliged,

humble Servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is nothing I long for ſo much, as to be reading a chapter with you, at Ayleſbury, in the old black letter. However hurtfull you may find it to the eyes, I am perſuaded your learned and pious expoſitions, will render it highly edifying and confortable to the heart. I will therefore (God willing) fulfil yet my promiſe, and wait on you before this ſummer ends. That I do not ſet out immediately, I do aſſure you is not my fault, but merely my misfortune. Two or three anomalous patients unluckily detain me here at preſent; and when they will be pleaſed to releaſe me, upon my word is more than I can yet tell, or even conjecture. It is a ſtrange thing that people who have the whole year before them, to be ſick in, can find no other part of it, for that purpoſe, but juſt

juſt the particular time when I ſhould be enjoying the happineſs of your company.

Whatever may be the weather at Ayleſbury, I have no doubt of meeting with gaiety and pleaſure, when I meet with Mr. Wilkes, and am in the mean time, his obliged friend,

and obedient Servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

Bath, June 30.

Bath, Jan. 6, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I am ſitting down but now, to acknowledge the favour of your letter, I muſt nevertheleſs own I received it in due time; even on Chriſtmas-day in the morning. The contents I hoped would have informed me, that you were ſoon following: but upon peruſal, how grievous was the diſappointment! Almoſt enough to ſadden the moſt joyous of all ſeaſons.

The Royal Society by taking the ſteps you mention, may happily once again favour us with a little common ſenſe; which, among all the ſtrange things they have for ſome time publiſhed, will itſelf, I ſhould believe, be eſteemed the ſtrangeſt. But the more they reform, the leſs perhaps they will entertain, which I wiſh may not be likewiſe the caſe of our reforming friend. However

if

ſf Mr. * * * be in earneſt ſo deſperately reſolved on matrimony, I heartily wiſh him all the happineſs it can afford; and hope you are ready with his epithalamium. This indeed is a ſeaſon, whoſe coldneſs admoniſhes us all to think of good warm wives. It makes me do ſo ſometimes, among the reſt: but a line or two of Horace, on the other hand, a little diſcourages,

Quæ bellua ruptis,
Cum ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis?

The French of our times, I find greatly ſurpaſs the Greeks of Juvenal's. *Natio comoeda eſt*, even down to their very dogs: who indeed, by your account of thoſe at the Haymarket, ſeem to be a moſt extraordinary race of puppies. Methinks it is pity but they ſhould be well principled: and for that good end have governors and preceptors out of hand appointed them. You who have the ſaving of ſouls ſo very

very much at heart, I wonder you do not recommend them, either to the promoters of Chriſtian knowledge, or to the propagators of the Goſpel in foreign parts: who ſurely would not do amiſs to, conſider that the greateſt of all charities ſhould begin at home.

To the wit and pleaſure of this place, I am quite a ſtranger. For that I muſt therefore beg leave to refer you to the pen of Mr. * * *, our gallant, gay Lothario.

I am, ever your's,

THO. BREWSTER.

Burton-Court near Lemſter, July 29, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter found me under the apple-trees of Herefordſhire, where I have now been above theſe three months, in ſuch a ſolitude as I am only fit for. The truth is, I am but in a ruinous ſort of condition, nodding, as it were, to my fall: and my tremors, at all times bad enough, under the obſervation of company, are ſtill worſe. For theſe reaſons, though the pleaſures of Ayleſbury have left a very ſtrong impreſſion, yet dare I not accept your kind invitation to repeat them; but wiſhing you all happineſs in all places, am, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged, and

affectionate Friend,

THO. BREWSTER.

## A Letter of the Reverend Dr. Douglas, author of ſeveral pamphlets, relative to the impoſture of Archibald Bower, and of other pieces.

Half-Moon ſtreet, Piccadilly, April 1, 1762.

SIR,

YOU will excuſe the trouble I give you, becauſe it is on an affair of infinite concern to my character, and I think you have it in your power to do me juſtice. A report has been ſet about, that I am the author of the *Obſervations on the Spaniſh Papers*, which, if it gains credit, will be as prejudicial to my intereſt, as it is abſolutely unſupported by truth. You may pleaſe to remember you told me in the Park, the very day after the pamphlet appeared, *that you heard I had writ it*. It is become neceſſary for me,

me, by the advice of the moſt reſpectable friends, to trace this groundleſs ſtory to the fountain head; and therefore I apply to you, begging you would recollect *who told you* I was the author, that ſo I may be able effectually to ſtop the progreſs of a report, which if at firſt propagated only wantonly, will, I fear, if not traced to its ſource, in the end have the ſame bad effects, as if it had come from the moſt determined malice.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

Winchester, April 6, 1762.

SIR,

I Had the honour of your letter at Basingstoke in my march to this place. When I was last in the fooliſh circle at the Smyrna, the *Obſervations on the Spaniſh Papers* were talked of, and as you know the ſages there pretend to infinite ſagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few aſcribed them to *Mauduit*, the author of the famous *Conſiderations*. I am entirely ſatisfied with your authentic aſſurances on this ſubject, and on every occaſion will contradict ſo groundleſs a report.

There is not a man in this country, who more honours your ſuperior literary abilities than I do, nor more warmly wiſhes, for the dignity of our church, to ſee them rewarded in an eminent and diſtinguiſhed manner. I ſhall be ſtre-

nuous

nuous in contradicting the report, for undoubtedly the author of the *Obſervations* has no chance of favour from any of the preſent powers; and if he is the unlucky *Mauduit*, he has overthrown all the merit he might with ſome derive from the *Conſiderations*. I hope that your other friends will exert themſelves with the ſame zeal on this occaſion as I aſſure you I ſhall, for I am, with real regard,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

JOHN WILKES.

## Letters of Mr. Robert Lloyd.

MR. Churchill inſcribed to this gentleman the gay and ſpirited epiſtle of *Night*. A ſhort character of him is extracted from the notes on that poem. Mr. Lloyd dedicated to Mr. Wilkes *The New-River-Head, a Tale*, at the very time that all the proſecutions were carrying on for the *North Briton* and the papers ſtolen out of his houſe, and afterwards addreſſed to him the following lines.

What tho' oppreſſion, with her deſperate tools
Of bold, mean knaves, and weak complying fools,
Lord it abroad, yet, *Wilkes*, thy honour'd name,
Built on the ſolid baſe of patriot fame,
Shall in truth's page to lateſt years deſcend,
And babes unborn ſhall hail thee *England's friend*;
A juſt reward ſhall future times beſtow,
And pay thoſe honours which the preſent owe.

The poem of *Night* was written by Mr. Churchill in vindication of himſelf and Mr. Lloyd againſt the cenſures of ſome falſe, treacherous, and hypocritical friends, who affected to pay the higheſt compliments to their genius, but appeared equally pleaſed and induſtrious in ſeizing every opportunity of condemning their conduct in private life. Theſe † *prudent* perſons, whom neither love, pleaſure, nor pity ever drew for a ſingle moment out of their way, found a malicious pleaſure in propagating the ſtory of every unguarded hour, and in gratifying that rage after the little anecdotes of admired authors,

† There is no talent ſo uſeful towards riſing in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally poſſeſſed by the dulleſt ſort of people, and is in common ſpeech called *diſcretion*, a ſpecies of lower *prudence*, by the aſſiſtance of which, people of the meaneſt intellectuals, without any other qualification, paſs through the world in great tranquillity, and with univerſal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence.

Swift. Eſſay on the Fates of Clergymen.

upon which ſmall wits ſubſiſt. Such a proceeding ought however in all fairneſs to be conſidered only as the low *goſſiping* of the literary world. Scandal amuſes the circle of the gay and polite in the ſame manner. The curioſity of the town was fed by theſe people from time to time, and every *dull lecturer* within the bills of mortality comforted himſelf that he did not *keep ſuch hours* as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd.

The poet does not bluſh to own that he often paſſed the *night* after the manner of the firſt men of antiquity, who knew how to redeem the fleeting hours from *death's half-brother*, and fellow-tyrant, *ſleep*. They likewiſe lamented the ſhortneſs and uncertainty of human life. Such reflections however in them produced neither melancholy nor deſpair, but ſerved to give a keener reliſh to their pleaſures, and were perpetual

petual ‡ incitements not to let any portion of life pafs unenjoyed. They were generally employed in celebrating the myfteries of the god of love, who delights in the friendly gloom of *night*, or the rites of the genius of friendfhip, when he does not languifh under the impertinence of the *day*'s infipid vifitors. The two Engliſh poets were worthy of the converſe of the moſt genial wits of Rome and Greece. They may perhaps have been cenſured by ſome wondrous grave moderns, cold-blooded critics, void of all fire and fancy, but in a more claſſic

‡ Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quò ſimul mearis,
Nec regna vini ſortiere talis, &c.

HORACE.

Soles occidere, et redire poſſunt;
Nobis, quòm ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.
Da mî baſia mille, deinde centum, &c.

CATULLUS.

age their happy ſallies would not have ill become the *Noctes Atticae.*

Mr. Robert Lloyd was educated with Mr. Churchill at Weſtminſter ſchool, and the ſtricteſt friendſhip always ſubſiſted between them. The talents of Mr. Lloyd were eclipſed by thoſe of our poet, *qui omnes extinxit, ſtellas exortus uti aetherius ſol*, yet he never ſhewed the leaſt jealouſy or envy on account of the decided ſuperiority, which the public gave to his friend. Mr. Lloyd was mild and amiable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in converſation. He was an excellent ſcholar, and an eaſy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dreſſing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to ſcamper round the foot of Parnaſſus on his little Welch pony, which ſeems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged ſteed, and the

the daring heights of the ſacred mountain, to the ſublime genius of his friend. When the unhappy circumſtances of Mr. Lloyd at length had forced him to retire to the Fleet, the friendſhip of Mr. Churchill was the almoſt ſingle remaining ſource of his comfort and ſupport. He received the regular bounty of a guinea every week, and the ſame generous friend likewiſe paid all the expences of a ſervant, who conſtantly attended him. He had a very grateful heart, and his ſufferings ſeemed to have added to the tenderneſs of his nature. The following letters will ſhew his warm attachment to his friends, and how extremely ſenſible he was of every kindneſs.

Vine-Street, May 31, 1763.

MY DEAR WILKES,

IT is impoſſible for me to expreſs the infinite obligation you have conferred upon me, by your unſolicited and generous behaviour of yeſterday. Give me leave only to aſſure you, that I am, and ever ſhall be, in the trueſt ſenſe,

Your moſt ſincere and

affectionate friend,

ROBERT LLOYD.

Tueſday morning.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE hunted you ſeveral times, but unfortunately to no purpoſe. This morning indeed I thought myſelf ſure of you at nine o'clock. But I found you had been gone out an hour. As I returned, I overtook Dr. Markham going to his morning taſk in Weſtminſter ſchool.—What an example does the man of pleaſure ſet the man of buſineſs? I wiſh you would let me know whether you intend being at the Shakeſpeare meeting to-night. For as Churchill is out of town, unleſs I am aſſured of your being there, I ſhall be a home-keeper. You talked of going to the Weſtminſter play—if you are not engaged; their next exhibition is on Friday. But what a conjurer I am

to

to tell you that which the encloſed tickets will inform you of much more learnedly?

I ſhall hope for the pleaſure of conducting you there, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your very ſincere friend,

and obedient, humble ſervant,

R. LLOYD.

MY DEAR WILKES,

YOUR letters have given me inexpreſſible uneaſineſs concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving a direction, leaves me in ſtill greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I conſequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed we are all much alarmed; for though the ſeeming ſpirits of your letter to me gave us hopes it might not be ſo bad with him, that which Jack has received, entirely quaſhes them. Pray let me hear from you the earlieſt opportunity, and direct to me at the Fleet coffee-houſe. I hope I ſhall not be doubly unfortunate in the loſs of my friends, and be reduced to the comfortleſs neceſſity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful ſituation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what ſervices I can do, a duty I owe to you both, command. I am, in the ſincereſt affection,

Your's ever,

R. LLOYD.

Tueſday, Nov. 20, Fleet.

DEAR WILKES,

I WILL ſpare your own feelings and mine by any reflexions on our irreparable loſs. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter directed for you at an uncertainty, at the poſt houſe, or if you did, you returned no anſwer, I ſuppoſe becauſe you could give no comfort. I am pleaſed to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wiſh, you would as early as you can bring your mind to write on ſuch a ſubject; give me your opinion (which ſhall be deciſive) as to the

the publication of the fragment of the verſe preface to the *Sermons*, and that other of the *Journey*.

The volume I have haſtened, and the *Times*, *Farewel*, and *Independence*, are only wanting to complete it.— Would it be improper that as a friend I ſhould ſay a word or two before this ſecond volume, which for the ſake of the family we apprehend ſhould be delayed for a further opportunity of enlarging the ſubſcription? Do, if it is only for the ſake of my conſolation, who indeed moſt truly want it, write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him, who is moſt unfortunate in the loſs of the living, and the dead friend.

My

My own affairs I forbear to mention. Thornton is what you believed him. I have many acquaintance, but now no friend here.

I am, with the greateſt ſincerity of friendſhip and affection,

Your's ever,

R. LLOYD.

Mr. Lloyd ſoon after died in the Fleet priſon, abſolutely of a broken heart. *Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh!*

## Letters of Mr. Churchill.

My dear Wilkes,

I Am infinitely oblig'd to you for the concern you expreſs for my health, but what account to give you of it, I can't well tell. I am better as to acuteneſs of pain.

After having accus'd me on account of my indolence, doſt thou not now tremble at the ſight of a whole ſheet? Have you laid in a ſtock of patience, or ſufficiently prepar'd yourſelf for the Chriſtian duty of mortification? I ſhall try the ſtrength of your virtues, and the ſincerity of your converſion to the doctrines of patience and forbearance.

The affair of Lord Talbot ſtill lives in converſation, and you are ſpoken of by all with the higheſt reſpect. Lord

Weymouth gives you the greateſt encomiums. Your friends at the beefſtake enquir'd after you laſt Saturday with the greateſt zeal, and it gave me no ſmall pleaſure that I was the perſon of whom the enquiry was made. Colonel ***** deſires his compliments in the warmeſt terms, and declares he muſt be known to you with the firſt occaſion. Nothing ever gave me ſo high an opinion of myſelf, as not being envious of you.

Think not that the Scottiſh eclogue totally ſtands ſtill, or that I can ever be unmindfull of any thing, which I think will give *Wilkes* pleaſure, and which I am certain will do me honour in having his name prefix'd. The preſent ſtate of it however ſtands thus—it is ſplit into two poems—the Scottiſh Eclogue, which will be inſcrib'd to you in the paſtoral way—and another poem—which I think will be a ſtrong one—immediately addreſſed

dreſſed by way of epiſtle to you—this way they will both be of a piece, otherwiſe it wou'd have been,

*Delphinum ſilvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

The paſtoral begins thus—and I believe will be out ſoon—but nothing comes out till I begin to be pleas'd with it myſelf,

When Cupid firſt inſtructs, &c, &c. †.

The other runs thus,

From ſolemn thought, &c, &c. †

Can *Wilkes?*—I know thou canſt—retreat a while,
Learn pity's leſſon, and diſdain to ſmile.
Oft have I heard thee, &c, &c. †

*Hirco*—the MORAL *Hirco*—ſtains the bed
Of that kind Maſter, who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a ſon.

† Vide the printed edition of *The Prophecy of Famine.*

If *Hirco* ſuffers we are all content,
But ſhould blind rage involve the innocent?
The faults of one ſhall we to all impute?
Shall vicious *Hirco* injure virtuous *Bute?* *

Thus much for rhime. I have made the N. B. entirely out of your letters. There is a very decent Iriſhiſm, unleſs for *cautious of avoiding* you read *careful to avoid.*

I am, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

— Your's ever,

C. CHURCHILL.

* Compare this with the *Conference* in the printed edition. *Hirco*, who knows not *Hirco*, &c.

Aug. 3, 1763.

My dear Wilkes,

I Could not write ſooner. Would it not have been more for your comfort not to have wrote at all?

News there is none, or, as Dr. Markham under Lord Stormont's name moſt Chriſt-Churchically expreſſes it, *no notices come here.*

I am full of work, and flatter myſelf my ſpirits are pretty good—I live ſoberly—enjoy health—and could, I believe, anſwer a bill on ſight to any woman—but my wife. Next winter is certainly ordained for the riſing and falling of many in Iſrael—The Lord forbid I ſhould be idle in ſo great a work, *aut tanto ceſſarim cardine rerum.* Several poems I ſhall have out ſoon, but not, I hope, ſo ſoon as to cut them off from the advantage of

your criticiſm. Mr. * *Pope* ought ſurely to feel ſome inſtinctive terrors, for

* Mr. Churchill thought meanly of *Pope*'s private character, and was always diſguſted with the extravagant compliments paid by the minor critics to him, as the *firſt* of our poets. Shakeſpeare, the boaſt of human nature, Milton, the Engliſh Homer, and Dryden in Churchill's phraſe *the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine*, were in his opinion greatly ſuperior to *Pope* in all the creative powers, which are only given to the truly inſpired. Dryden likewiſe he thought excelled *Pope* even in the magic of numbers. This is marked very ſtrongly in the *Apology*.

> In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
> Where ſhall thy rival, *Pope*, be ever found?
> But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
> E'en excellence unvaried tedious grows.

Afterwards he ſays of *Dryden*,

> Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe,
> In *varied* ſweetneſs flow, in *varied* force.
> The pow'rs of *genius* and of *judgment* join,
> And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

*Voltaire* ſaid, "that *Pope* drove gently about town a neat, gilt "chariot with a pair of bays, but *Dryden* poured along the plain "a full gallop in a coach and ſix fiery horſes." The writings of *Pope*, almoſt the only truly correct, elegant, and high-finiſhed poems in our language, breathe the pureſt morality, the moſt perfect humanity and benevolence. In the commerce of life however he ſhewed himſelf not ſcrupulouſly moral, and was a very ſelfiſh, ſplenetic, malevolent being. The friends, whom he moſt loved, were the ſworn enemies of the liberties of his country, Atterbury, Oxford, and Bolingbroke, on whom he laviſhed the ſweet incenſe of a delicate, exquiſite praiſe,

againſt him I have double pointed all my little thunderbolts, in which as to the

praiſe, which ought only to have been purchaſed by virtue. Bolingbroke *thought* for him. He might very well ſay, ſpeaking of his *Grotto* at Twickenham,

*Here*, nobly-penſive, St. John ſate and *thought*.

St. John continued in his exile the *guide, philoſopher, and friend of Pope*, ſent him from France the plan of the *Eſſay on Man*, and even ſketched out the ornaments. The reaſoning part of it the poet did not at firſt comprehend. Bolingbroke's poſthumous works, and the firſt edition of the *Eſſay*, fully prove this. Inſtead of

Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! *but not* without a plan,

it was at firſt publiſhed,

A mighty maze! *of walks* without a plan.

In the fourth Epiſtle likewiſe thoſe lines of the firſt edition,

God ſends not ill, 'tis nature lets it fall,
Or chance eſcape, and man improves it all,

were in the later publications altered to the four following,

God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.

Crouzaz wrote againſt the firſt edition of the *Eſſay*. Warburton artfully defended the poem from the later editions.

To ſuch a man as the poet was in private Mr. Churchill never appeared very favourable, but he waited till the opinion of the public had fixed the ſtandard of *Pope*'s poetical merit, and then intended to have ſifted every part of the character of that ſharp ſatiriſt. We may now almoſt venture to ſpeak of

deſign, I hope I ſhall have your approbation, when you conſider his *heart*, and as to the execution, if

*Pope* in the words of a great writer, when he ſays of *Fontenelle*, *il a été ſans contredit au-deſſus de tous les ſavans* (*poetes*) *qui n'ont pas eu* LE DON DE L'INVENTION.

In that incomparable *farewell to the Muſes* in the third book of *Gotham* were two very ſevere lines againſt *Pope*, contraſting him ſtrongly with *Dryden*, which however Mr. Churchill did not think proper to print in the poem.

When the ſun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil,
When a faint languor crept thro' every breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour wiſh'd for reſt,
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred *Dryad* liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers *fancy* wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt *nature* all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in *Ham*'s inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets, which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard DRYDEN tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an Angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here;
*Whilſt* POPE, *with envy ſtung, inflam'd with pride,*
*Pip'd to the vacant air on* * *t'other ſide.*

* *Twickenham.*

you

you approve it, I can ſit down eaſily, and hear with contempt the cenſures of all the half-blooded, prudiſh lords.

For ſomething relative to *Pope* take the following lines, intended as an anſwer to thoſe, who becauſe I have ſlightly mention'd a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcuſable for not mentioning them.

Not ſpare the man I love, not dare to feel
The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?
Nature forgives, nay juſtifies the deed,
By friendſhip's firſt and nobleſt law decreed.
Shall I not do then, what in days of yore
Moſt bitter ſatyriſts have done before?
They ſaw the follies, but they lov'd the men:
E'en *Pope* could feel for friendſhip now and then.

I take it for granted you have ſeen *Hogarth's* * *Print* againſt me. Was ever

* *Mr. Hogarth* was one of the firſt, who, in the paper war begun by lord Bute on his acceſſion to the treaſury, ſacrificed private friendſhip at the altar of party madneſs.

any thing ſo contemptible? I think he

madneſs. In 1762 the *Scottiſh Miniſter* took a variety of hirelings into his pay, ſome of whom were gratified with penſions, others with places and reverſions. *Mr. Hogarth* was only made *ſerjeant-painter* to his Majeſty, as if it was meant to inſinuate to him, that he was not allowed to paint any thing but the wainſcot of the royal apartments. The term means no more than *houſe-painter*, and the nature of the poſt confined him to that buſineſs. He was not employed in any other way. A circumſtance can ſcarcely be imagined more humiliating to a man of ſpirit and genius, who really thought that he more particularly excelled in *portrait-painting*.

The new Miniſter had been attacked in a variety of political papers. The *North Briton* in particular, which commenced the week after the *Briton*, waged open war with him. Some of the numbers had been aſcribed to Mr. *Wilkes*, others to Mr. *Churchill*, and Mr. *Lloyd*. Mr. *Hogarth* had for ſeveral years lived on terms of friendſhip and intimacy with Mr. *Churchill* and Mr. *Wilkes*. As the *Buckinghamſhire* regiment of militia, which this gentleman had the honour of commanding, had been for ſome months at *Wincheſter* guarding the *French* priſoners, the *colonel* was there on that duty. A friend wrote to him, that Mr. *Hogarth* intended ſoon to publiſh a political print of THE TIMES, in which Mr. *Pitt*, Lord *Temple*, Mr. CHURCHILL, and *himſelf*, were held out to the public as objects of ridicule. Mr. *Wilkes* on this notice remonſtrated by two of their common friends to Mr. *Hogarth*, that ſuch a proceeding would not only be unfriendly in the higheſt degree, but extremely injudicious; for ſuch a pencil ought to be univerſal

is fairly felo de ſe—I think not to let

verſal and moral, to ſpeak to all ages, and to all nations, not to be dipt in the dirt of the faction of a day, of an inſignificant part of the country, when it might command the admiration of the whole. An anſwer was ſent, that neither Mr. *Wilkes* nor Mr. *Churchill* were attacked in THE TIMES, though Lord *Temple* and Mr. *Pitt* were, and that the print ſhould ſoon appear. A ſecond meſſage ſoon after told Mr. *Hogarth*, that Mr. Wilkes ſhould never believe it worth his while to take notice of any reflections on himſelf, but if his friends were attacked, he ſhould then think he was wounded in the moſt ſenſible part, and would, as well as he was able, revenge their cauſe; adding, that if he thought the *North Briton* would inſert what he ſent, he would make an appeal to the public on the very Saturday following the publication of the print. THE TIMES ſoon after appeared, and on the Saturday following No. 17 of the *North Briton*, which is a direct attack on the King's *ſerjeant-painter*. If Mr. *Wilkes* did write that paper, he kept his word better with Mr. *Hogarth*, than the painter had done with him.

It is perhaps worth remarking, that the painter propoſed to give *a ſeries of political prints*, and that *The Times* were marked *Plate I.* No farther progreſs was however made in that deſign. The public beheld the firſt feeble efforts with execration, and it is ſaid that the *caricaturiſt* was too much hurt by the general opinion of mankind, to poſſeſs himſelf afterwards ſufficiently for the execution of ſuch a work.

When Mr. *Wilkes* was the ſecond time brought from the Tower to Weſtminſter-hall, Mr. *Hogarth* ſkulked behind in a corner of the gallery of the *Court of Common Pleas*, and while the *Chief Juſtice Pratt*, with the eloquence

him off in that manner, although I might

eloquence and courage of *old Rome*, was enforcing the great principles of *Magna Charta*, and the *Engliſh Conſtitution*, while every breaſt from him caught the holy flame of liberty, the painter was wholly employed in *caricaturing* the *perſon* of the man, while all the reſt of his fellow-citizens were animated in his *cauſe*, for they knew it to be their own cauſe, that of their country, and of it's laws. It was declared to be ſo a few hours after by the *unanimous* ſentence of the *Judges* of that court, and they were all preſent.

The print of Mr. *Wilkes* was ſoon after publiſhed, *drawn from the life by William Hogarth.* It muſt be allowed to be an excellent *compound caricatura*, or a *caricatura* of what nature had already *caricatured.* I know but one ſhort apology can be made for this gentleman, or to ſpeak more properly, for the *perſon* of Mr. *Wilkes.* It is, that he did not make himſelf, and that he never was ſolicitous about the *caſe* of his ſoul, as *Shakeſpeare* calls it, only ſo far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glaſſy ſtream, like another *Narciſſus*, admiring the image in it, nor that he ever ſtole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a ſide mirrour. His form, ſuch as it is, ought to give him no pain, becauſe it is capable of giving pleaſure to others. I fancy he finds himſelf toleraoly happy in the *clay-cottage*, to which he is *tenant for life*, becauſe he has learnt to keep it in good order. While the ſhare of health and animal ſpirits, which heaven has given him, ſhall hold out, I can ſcarcely imagine he will be one moment peeviſh about the *outſide* of ſo precarious, ſo temporary a habitation,

or

ſafely leave him to your *Notes* *. He has broke into my pale of private life, and ſet that example of illiberality, which I wiſhed—of that kind of attack which is ungenerous in the firſt inſtance, but juſtice in the return—I intend an elegy on him, ſuppoſing him dead, but * * tells me with a kiſs he will be really dead before it comes out, that I have already kill'd him, &c. How ſweet is flattery from the woman we love, and how weak is our boaſted ſtrength when

or will even be brought to own, *ingenium Galbæ male habitat. Monſieur eſt mal logé.*

Mr. Churchill was exaſperated at this *perſonal* attack on his friend. He ſoon after publiſhed the *Epiſtle to William Hogarth*, and took for the motto, *ut pictura poeſis*. Mr. Hogarth's revenge againſt the poet terminated in vamping up an old print of a pug-dog and a bear, which he publiſhed under the title of *The Bruiſer C. Churchill (once the Revd.!) in the character of a Ruſſian Hercules, &c.*

* In Mr. Churchill's Will is the following paſſage, *I deſire my dear friend, John Wilkes eſq; to collect and publiſh my Works with the Remarks and Explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make.*

oppoſed

oppoſed to beauty and good ſenſe with good nature? Thoſe who value themſelves on the dignity of man may ſcorn ſuch a ſuppoſition, but I wou'd rather bear that ſlavery (and it is the only ſlavery I would tamely bear) than enjoy the empire of mankind.

How is my little muſe? how is Miſs Wilkes?

I have not, and I am afraid ſhall not be able to ſteal to Ayleſbury. Some inducement I find wanting to draw me even to the pleaſures of that place. Can Wilkes at Paris gueſs what it is? As little ſhall I be able to ſee Mr. Dixon, for your letter to whom I ſhall not thank you, intending for my own eaſe to bring all your acts of civility and friendſhip to one account, which I hope is yet at a great diſtance. I have begun the fourth Book of the *Ghoſt*, and by the beginning of next month hope to hear of it's being received,

received, where I moſt wiſh it ſhould be approved.

Is Paris pleaſant? Have the lively Gauls ſuperior attractions to the Engliſh? The only thing I envy France is you. For my own ſake I could wiſh it was without pleaſure; for your's I could wiſh every pleaſure doubled. Col. * * * * * deſires to be remembred to you, with many others, and when I reflect on the enquiries made after you by the moſt ſenſible of this ſinking nation, I cannot help feeling a vain ſatisfaction, that I am the perſon of whom they enquire. Lloyd talks of writing, and Fitzherbert, who is perfectly recover'd, of coming in at the heel of the letter, mean time deſiring his beſt reſpects. The Poſt Chaiſe waits, and Charlotte cries, *Away*. —I beg you will not let me have an opportunity of writing again. I am on fire for Politicks, nor do I perceive one

jot

jot of diſcouragement come from the thought of the King's Bench, and the **pàle Mansfield.* Come over, nor by ſtaying there add one more triumph of peace to France. Your friends long to ſee you, and none more than

Your's moſt affectionately,

C. CHURCHILL.

* In the *Epiſtle to Hogarth* he ſays,

Doth not the voice of *Norton* ſtrike thy ear,
And the *pale Mansfield* chill thy ſoul with fear?

The reaſon of the epithet *pale* being ſo particularly given to *Lord Mansfield* is beſt explained by a paſſage in the laſt book of the *Ghoſt*.

*Paleneſs*, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of ſickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes it's coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks.

The ſame thing had been obſerved by Salluſt, "Animus "impurus, Diis hominibuſque infeſtus, neque vigiliis, neque "quietibus ſedari poterat: ita conſcientia mentem excitam "vexabat. Igitur *color ei exſanguis*," &c.

I have reſolv'd,

Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong,

to write an Epic Poem in four books. The purport you may gueſs by the name, CULLODEN.

I encloſe you a copy of a paper, which will ſoon be ſent you by the printers, &c. in gratitude for your late labours. I hope you are recruiting to begin more attacks againſt the tyranny of our miniſtry, which increaſes every day.

" We the underwritten, who were " contrary to law impriſoned by the " King's Meſſengers, deſire thus pub- " lickly to return thanks to John Wilkes " Eſquire, for his ſpirited endeavours, " and ſteady attention, to procure us " that redreſs and ſatisfaction, which we " have at length obtain'd by the verdicts " of our countrymen."

Witneſs our hands this, &c.

My dear Wilkes,

I Am greatly oblig'd by your's of this morning, and the moment I have occaſion, there is no perſon in the world to whom I wou'd ſo ſoon apply as yourſelf, and from whom I ſhould ſo willingly receive favours. I ſhall without ſcruple ſhew you what dependance I have on your friendſhip. The plan of next N. B. I have chang'd, and for this reaſon, on purſuing it I find it the beſt ſubject for a poem I ever had in my life. The *Prophecy of Famine* you may remember took it's riſe from a ſimilar circumſtance, and if I may venture to be prophetical in proſe, this will be a much better poem.

I admire exceedingly your * motto for the laſt number of the *Auditor*. It will

* *Diſcedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*
Virg. Æn. lib. vi.

make

make Murphy mad. My head is full of Hogarth, and as I like not his company, I believe I ſhall get him on paper, not ſo much to pleaſe the public, not ſo much for the ſake of juſtice, as for my own eaſe—a motive ever powerful with indolent minds. I have begun already, and ſeem to like the ſubject. I have been ſo long out of verſe, that it appears like a new world, and has acquir'd freſh charms from diſuſe.

Mr. * Legge enquired affectionately

* Mr. Legge was the firſt political victim to Lord Bute. Mr. Pitt, and the Dukes of Newcaſtle, Devonſhire, &c. beheld with great indifference his diſmiſſion. That able Financier foretold that he was only the *firſt* ſacrifice to the Favourite, and that all the reſt would follow. He was diſmiſſed without any reaſon being given to the public, or any charge on his conduct. He obſerved *that* was the moment of making the oppoſition to the Minion, and that it was neceſſary for the preſervation of all the other Whigs, who if they did not make the ſtand then, would attempt it in vain afterwards. His words were prophetic. Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple were ſoon obliged to reſign. The Duke of Newcaſtle was elated at this event, but a few days daſhed all his joy, and a few weeks convinced him of the annihilation of his power. He gave up the Treaſury, and all his friends went into direct

after you. He is in good ſpirits, and bears up nobly.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

Should I have put my name to the truth? Is it not a libel?

oppoſition. The Duke of Devonſhire was ſoon after diſmiſſed with ſtill ſtronger marks of diſguſt. He was ſtruck off the liſt of Privy Councillors.

Perhaps a more remarkable inſtance is not to be found of the infatuation of ſtateſmen, as well of the little harmony, which generally prevails among them. If Mr. Pitt, the Dukes of Newcaſtle and Devonſhire, &c. had firmly ſupported ſo unexceptionable a Miniſter, and ſo amiable a man, as Mr. Legge, I am perſuaded the Favourite muſt at firſt have yielded, and they would have become a firm phalanx againſt all his further attacks, and all future enemies. But they were ſecret enemies, and falſe to each other. The ſacrifice of one ſeemed to forward the views of the reſt, whereas it only hurried them all on to the period of their extinction. The political death of Mr. *Legge* foretold the ſpeedy diſſolution of the others.

My dear Wilkes,

MY not writing to you ſooner, and my not giving you earlier notice of my inability to write the N. B. for this week, ariſes from my flattering myſelf that I ſhould have been recover'd from my indiſpoſition, but I ſtill keep my bed: when I ſhall get out of it, I do not gueſs. Many things have I to ſay to you, but my head rambles too much for recollection. I am quite exhauſted, for I have not been able to ſleep for the laſt week. Would I had a * *Maſon* here!

* He ſays in the *Roſciad*,

And waken *mem'ry* with a *ſleeping ode*.

The gentle *Billy Maſon*, whoſe poetry runs like a ſmooth, ſhallow ſtream, *ſomnos et invitat leves*, tuned an *Ode to Memory*, which *beyond poppy, or mandragora, or all the drowſy ſirups of the world*, could after *ocular proof* give an Othello *the ſweet ſleep of yeſterday*. Mr. Churchill has frequently paid his compliments to Mr. *Maſon*. In the *Prophecy of Famine* he carries him to *Kew*, and introduces him to Lord *Bute*.

For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall *Maſon* bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of *Folly*'s wing;

*Lloyd* tells me that you have wrote an anſwer to the ſuppoſed *Letter from the Pretender to the Earl of Bute in the North Briton of February the 19th.* He ſays you have moſt happily imitated all the *quaintneſſes* of *Bute*'s ſtile, and inſerted ſeveral curious anecdotes from him to his dear Couſin. Pray ſend it to me. You are again happy in your * motto to it. Pray finiſh the paper againſt the Tories, which

In *Love's Pagoda* ſhall they ever doſe,
And *Giſball* kindly rock them to repoſe;
*My Lord*—to letters as to *faith* moſt true,
At once their patron and example too,
Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-laboured dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams.

In the *Journey* likewiſe he ſpeaks of him not in a very favourable manner.

Let them, tho' modeſt, *Gray* more modeſt wooe;
Let them with *Maſon* bleat, and bray, and cooe.

And in ſeveral other parts of his works.

* The motto to this ironical letter of the Earl of Bute to the Pretender was from Ovid,

*Nil mihi reſcribas; attamen ipſe veni.*

The letter was never publiſhed.

you

you ſhewed me. I mean that which has the motto,

*Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum*
*Tendimus in Latium.*

I fear the *damned* † *Ariſtocracy* is gaining ground in this country.

I am your's moſt ſincerely,
C. CHURCHILL.

† Let not, whatever other ills aſſail,
A *damned Ariſtocracy* prevail. *Farewell.*

The excellent *D'Alembert* ſays, " Dans le plan que le ce-
" lebre Chancelier Oxenſtiern donna pour la régence, on re-
" marque un éloignement pour le deſpotiſme, qui doit ho-
" norer la mémoire d'un Miniſtre d'Etat. Il paroît incliner
" pour un gouvernement melé du monarchique et du répub-
" licain; et l'on ne peut diſconvenir que cette forme n'ait
" pluſieurs grands avantages, ſans prétendre d'ailleurs tou-
" cher à la queſtion délicate du meilleur gouvernement poſ-
" ſible, dont la ſolution peut recevoir différentes modifica-
" tions par la différence des climats, de la ſituation, des cir-
" conſtances, du genie des Rois et des Peuples. *Mais on ne*
" *ſauroit ſoupçonner un eſprit auſſi eclairé qu'Oxenſtiern d'avoir*
" *donné la préférence, comme quelques-uns l'ont cru, au gou-*
" *vernement* ARISTOCRATIQUE, *que le droit naturel et*
" *l'experience démontrent être le pire de tous.*"

Mélanges de Littérature, d'Hiſtoire, et de Philoſophie. Amſt. 1764, vol. ii. p. 237.

In the ſame poem Mr. Churchill complains of *Peers great in power, of principles unſound,*

Who look on *freedom* with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry,
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings.

Friday noon.

My dear Wilkes,

I Wiſh it was in my power to ſend you the next Saturday's N. B. according to your deſires, but tho' I expected that you would depend on me, I have not as yet wrote a letter of it, according to my uſual maxim of putting every thing off till the laſt. You may be certain however of it's being done in time. I have the cauſe too much at heart to let it be out of my head.

I have juſt received the following epigram, built on the ſuppoſition of my being the N. B.

While the *Briton*, true Scotſman, more cunning than wiſe,
Would cajole us good people with party and lies,
The *North Briton* ſteps forth like a *Briton* of old,
And tells us thoſe truths, which we ought to be told.
Oh Patriot Divine, how I honour thy merit!
Thou haſt *twice* laid a * *Ghoſt*, may'ſt thou now raiſe a *Spirit*.

* The *two* firſt books of the *Ghoſt* only were then publiſhed.

I am

I am very ſorry I cannot meet you at Ayleſbury, or come to you at Wincheſter, but that which I at firſt conſider'd as the amuſement of a trifling hour is become the ſerious attention and delight of my days. It has already been ſo of three weeks, and is likely to continue as much longer. This *univerſum triduum*. When we meet, which I flatter myſelf will be ſoon, you will be amazed to ſee how I am alter'd. Breakfaſt at nine—two diſhes of tea and one thin ſlice of bread and butter—dine at three—eat moderately—drink a ſober pint—tumble the bed till four—tea at ſix—walk till nine—eat ſome cooling fruit and to bed. There is regularity for you.

Laſt Saturday I heard the trial of the conſpirators relative to Miſs Fanny, and was much entertained. They propoſed to bring the Girl into Court, but

my

my Lord looking in that way which is called looking we don't know how, and applying his hand to that part of the body, where fools they ſay are better provided than men of ſenſe, ſignificantly declared that he would adviſe them not to bring her in, for, quoth my Lord, I find I ſhall certainly be at her.

I read the two laſt papers with much pleaſure, and hear them well ſpoken of. There is one circumſtance in your letter, which hurts me. You ſay nothing when you ſhall be in town. I hope ſoon. Neither do you mention Miſs Wilkes, whom I muſt not forget.

The paper of the third will never be forgotten, and you will never be forgiven, as it is univerſally aſcribed to you. It has opened the eyes of many. * *Hated by knaves, and knaves to hate,*

* Vide *Swift.*

may

may not be your *motto*, but will undoubted be your *fate* through life.

I desire you to take great care of your health, and still more of your life. I cannot bear to think that a life, which I value almost equally with my own, should be sacrificed to false principles of honour, though ever ready to be devoted on a true and noble plan. You seem sometimes rather to live in romance, than under the direction of that well-tempered, cool, distinguishing reason, in which no man is generally more happy than you.

The passage you quote from † Homer ought never one moment to be out of your mind.

I am, my dear Wilkes,

Your's most sincerely,

July 13, 1762. C. CHURCHILL.

† Κρεισσων γαρ βασιλευς, οτε χωσεται ανδρι χερηι·
Ειπερ γαρ τε χολον γε και αυτημαρ καλαπεψη,
Αλλα γε και μετοπισθεν εχει κοτον, οφρα τελεσση
Εν ϛηθεσσιν εοισι. Iliad α. ver. 80.

Oct. 11. 1764.

My dear Wilkes,

YOU are certainly the beſt temper'd fellow in the World; ſo ready to forgive the idleneſs of a friend, and yet never giving him an opportunity of paying you in kind. I am now in the ſame ſentence to thank you for ſeveral letters, and likewiſe for the acquaintance of † *Goy*, which I deem one of the greateſt obligations you have conferred upon me. I have a thouſand things to ſay relative to fools and wiſemen, Engliſhmen in France, and Scotſ-

* Monſieur *Pierre Goy*, a French gentleman of fine parts, and excellent wit, whom he mentions in the laſt poem he publiſhed, *Independance*.

*Horace* loved mirth, *Mecænas* lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as *Goy* and I may do.

Dr. *Armſtrong* has likewiſe celebrated this gentleman in the Epiſtle called *A Day*,

There lively, genial, friendly *Goy* and I, &c.

men

men in England, but your own affairs are in their own nature ſo much more preſſing, and as to time ſo very critical, that I ſhall poſtpone every other conſideration, and give them that preference in my letter they have in my mind.

*Shall you come over in November?* A very pithy manner of aſking a queſtion, on the deciſion of which your whole welfare turns, which you ſubmit to others, when you ſhould aſk it of yourſelf, concerning which your friends may mean well, but you only from your own feelings can judge rightly. But take my thoughts thus.

If you ſtay in France, you will undoubtedly be outlawed: (the conſequences of the outlawry are however nothing to a man not fooliſhly mad after this land of folly). You will not be able to go on *now* againſt *Halifax*, the cauſe cannot

cannot ſoon be tried. Yet, if I may adviſe, ſtay in France. There is ſcarcely a conſideration that could make me think your return to England in November defenſible in the eye of common ſenſe.

Have I made out clearly what I mean? It is a cauſe in which you have too near a concern for me to be cool and diſintereſted, and my heart is too much affected to give my head fair play. As there is no man, who is more ready to aſk advice, ſo I am ſure there is no one more able to give it you than yourſelf—I mean your cool and rational ſelf—Conſult that, and you cannot do wrong.

Lend us Miſs Wilkes—I long to ſee her—and I am ſure you will not refuſe her, when I tell you that every true Engliſhman will be happy in ſeeing her, and conſider her (which I hope it will prove) as a forerunner of him, to whom

whom every true Engliſhman is moſt eſſentially indebted.

Friendſhip great as mine can ſcarcely forgive your inattention to the care of your health. Reflect that your country demands your life. The cauſe of liberty is in your hands, and that bleſſing, ſo much dearer than life, muſt remain precarious, if not fixed by you. No one can try the Secretary of State, if you do not, and though there is no doubt but there may be arbitrary miniſters in future times, yet 'tis with me a matter of queſtion, whether there may ever be another *Wilkes*.

There is a new print juſt publiſhed of you very like. I have wrote under it the four following lines from *Pope*, who is happy in them.

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

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ERRATUM.

Page 161, line 15, for *which* read *with*.

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